Saturday Review

CTOBER 6, 1956 / 20¢

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CIENCE & HUMANITY

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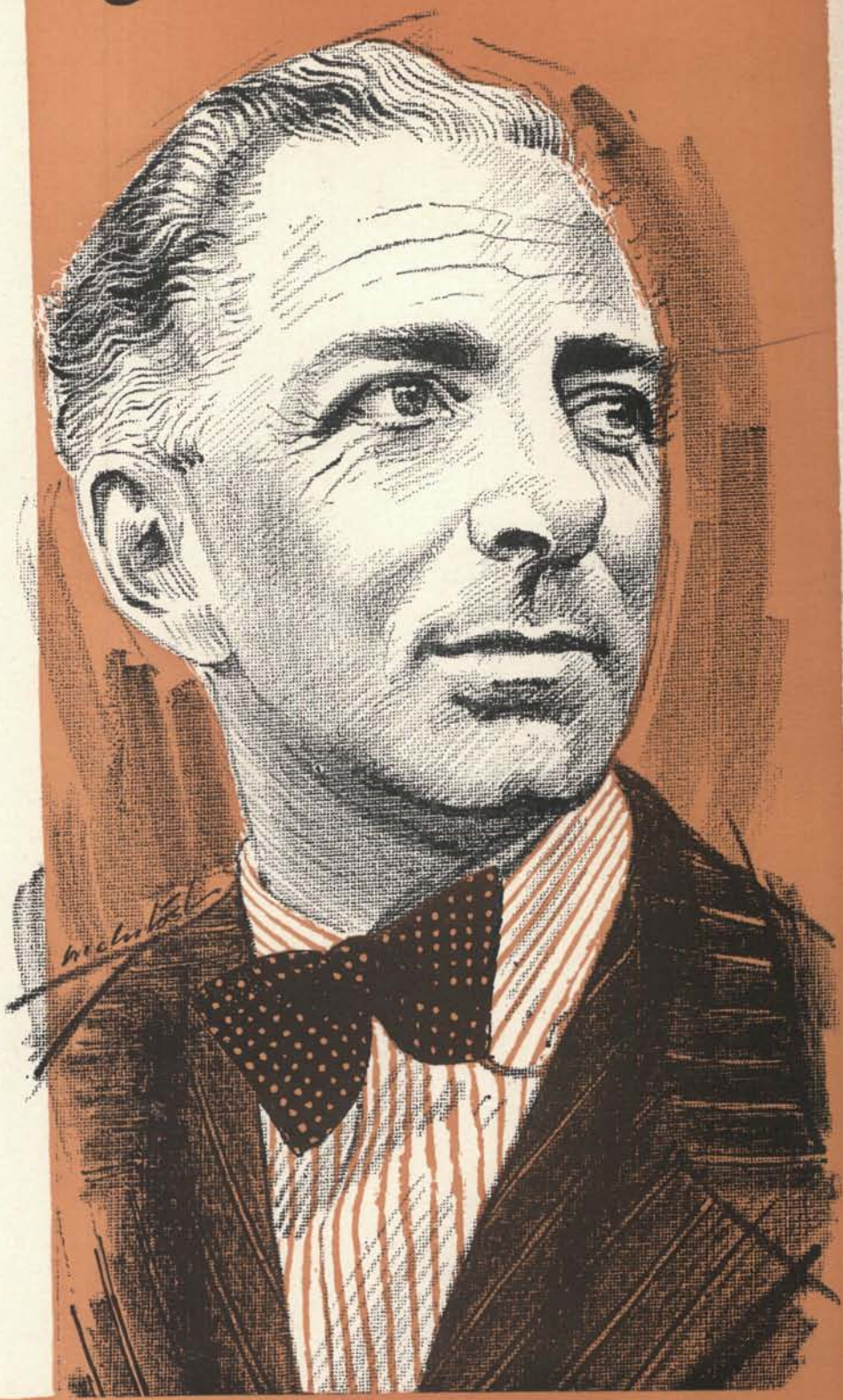
OOD AND CANCER

E SUSPICIOUS CHEMICALS
YOUR MARKETBASKET

HE MAN WHO
BOLISHED TIME
y Malcolm Cowley

MERICAN CRITICS SURVEY
HE YEAR'S BEST

gus Wilson, author of
glo-Saxon Attitudes." (Page 22)



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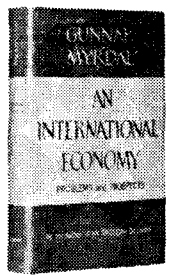

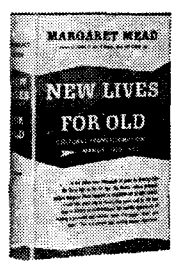

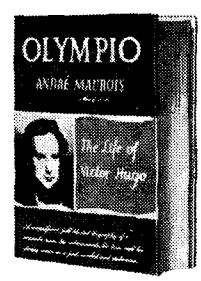

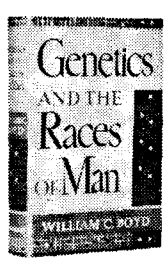

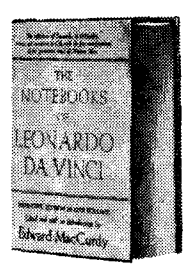

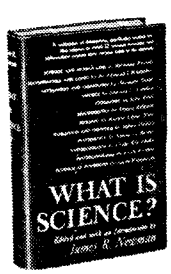

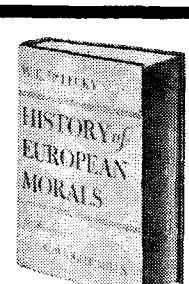

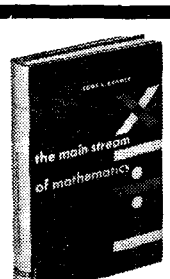

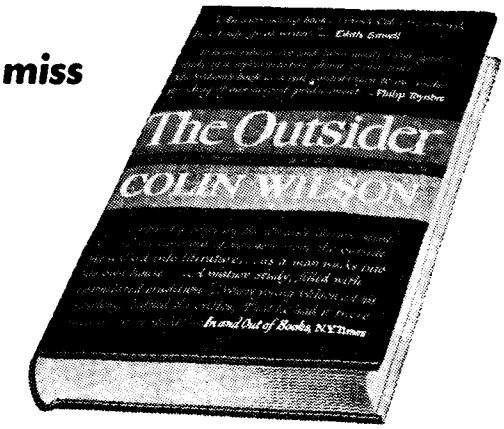

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Editor at Large

WHO AM I?

(Can you identify the well-known author, whose newest book is "The Life of the Party," from the following clues? Prizes will be given for correct answers.)

1. I appear on a weekly television program which is almost daily.

2. I am often seen with Miss Frances, although I have never been on Ding Dong School.

3. I will stand on many platforms this year, but I am not running for office.

4. I may be seen in this week last week and next week.

5. I publish books regularly at random.

6. Although my trade mark is a pipe, my job is not.

7. I have written many books, some of which are good for a laugh, but you will have to shake well before using if you want to try and stop me.

8. As a columnist, I will not exchange blows, although I will trade winds.

9. My new book is "The Life of the Party," yet the first group that read it almost died laughing.

10. My career has been summed up in the phrase, "Service With a Smile."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Life of the Party" ($2.95) is published by Hanover House, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Autographed copies of the book will be given to the first 10 persons submitting the correct answer to this riddle. You are permitted, and even urged, to discuss this contest with your own bookseller or with the knowledgeable clerks in any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops. Just ask "Who is 'The Life of the Party'?" and send your answer to L. L. Day, Room 1718, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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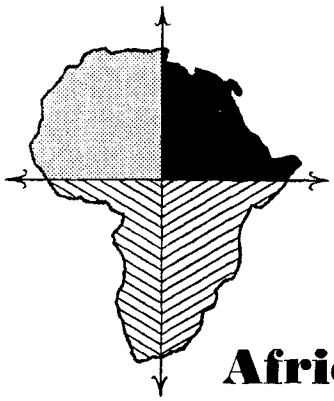

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TRADE Winds

IF YOU CAN AFFORD the time and the wherewithal, the ideal way to plan a trip to Europe, I think, is to follow the course pursued by my wife and myself this year. Anxious to get on with the sightseeing as quickly as possible, we flew over by Pan Am, and after a wondrously smooth and pleasant trip were breakfasting at the Paris Airport with Irwin Shaw and Anatole Litvak exactly eleven hours after we had left Idlewild. Then, when we wanted a little real relaxation on the homeward leg, we sailed aboard the *United States.*

Everything aboard this superb ship —construction, service, and crew —from Commodore John Anderson to the lowliest deckhand—make you proud that the American flag is flying from its mast. She's the fastest, the safest, the best.

THAT STATEMENT brings to mind an elderly couple I know who chose the *Ile de France* for their eastward crossing this summer. Both of them were exhausted and determined to have a solid night's rest on their first night at sea, so each took a potent sleeping pill and hit the sack. It was late the following morning when they woke up and summoned the room steward to fetch them breakfast.

He was a long, long time answering the bell. "None of us slept a wink all night, of course," he explained to the bewildered couple. "Everything is a bit disorganized this morning. We will dock in New York at four-thirty this afternoon."

When he left the cabin the wife exclaimed, "What rotten luck! We've drawn a crazy room steward again!" Her indignation mounted when he returned at last with two cups of coffee and a few slices of very dry toast. "I'm afraid you'll have to do with this until we dock," he apologized. "Taking care of those 850 unfortunate people we picked up at sea last night has overtaxed all our facilities."

"I'll not put up with that sort of thing all the way to Southampton," the wife told her husband angrily. "You just get dressed and make the purser give us a new steward before this one poisons us!"

The husband dutifully toddled off to the purser—and that's when he found out that while he slept peacefully the *Ile de France* had rescued over 800 survivors from the ill-fated *Andrea Doria* and was indeed steaming post-haste back to New York.

IN PARIS I RAN across the trail of a literary "Wunderkind" of the turbulent Twenties, once a mainstay of all local avant-garde literary gatherings, who suddenly disappeared from his New York haunts and has never been seen there since. The reason for his abrupt flight sounds like the plot for a grade-B gangster film.

On a previous trip to France this very esoteric but unworldly young man had fallen madly in love with a beautiful creature from the Left Bank, and proposed marriage to her. To his utter consternation she told him she never could move to America because she had become a hopeless cocaine addict, and would die if her supply of the drug were cut off.

Back home the disconsolate suitor managed finally to purchase a supply of the drug from thugs on the waterfront. It cost him $10,000, virtually every cent he possessed, but he never hesitated for a moment. Now, he cabled his beloved, she could come to New York and marry him. Alas, she cabled back, all was over between them. She had eloped with an Argentinian playboy.

The young New Yorker thus not only had lost his girl, but was stuck with $10,000 worth of cocaine. To get rid of it before the Feds closed in

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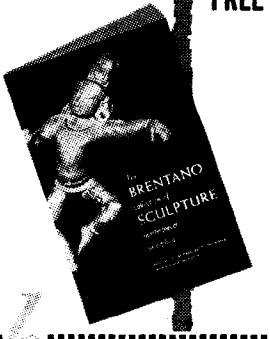

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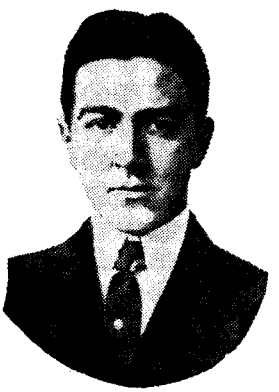

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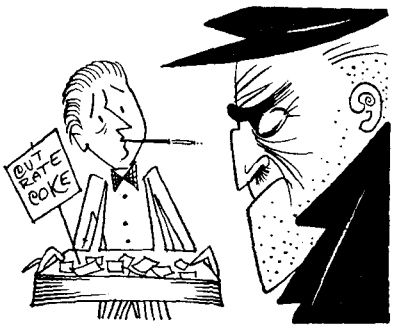
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

he let it be known that he was selling packages at bargain-basement prices with no questions asked. He didn't realize at the outset that underselling the mob was not exactly a healthful occupation in those days, but a visit



from a beetle-browed, tight-lipped gunman soon enlightened him.

He boarded the next boat for Europe, and hasn't dared return to this day. "How can you bear it in America?" he now asks visitors with infinite scorn in his voice. "So little culture; those awful creatures in all the places one likes to dine at. . . ."

ON THE RIVIERA we found Somerset Maugham in his beautiful estate at Cap Ferrat mourning the loss of 252 palm trees killed by the unprecedented cold of the previous winter. "The cypresses could be straightened," he told us, "but 200-year-old palms and olive trees are gone forever." There was a man working in the top branches of a tall tree while we watched. Suddenly he leaped several feet from the bough to the roof of the villa. "He gets 400 francs for that job," commented Maugham. "Maybe writers aren't so badly paid, after all."

Mr. Maugham added that from here on in he expects to devote himself principally to essays. "First," he said, "an author publishes for the money, of course. Later, if he's lucky, he can afford to do it for the prestige."

AT THE MONTE CARLO CASINO nearby Sam Behrman and Otto Preminger were relaxing after a long tussle with the screenplay of "Bonjour Tristesse." We were told the story of a couple of child actors—one fourteen, the other twelve—who had been hired

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1175)

FRANÇOISE SAGAN:
A CERTAIN SMILE

Things had a horrid taste of ashes. It is always curious to see to what extent life ratifies romantic conventions. I realized that I was definitely not cut out to be the gay little accomplice of a married man. I loved him. I should have thought before.

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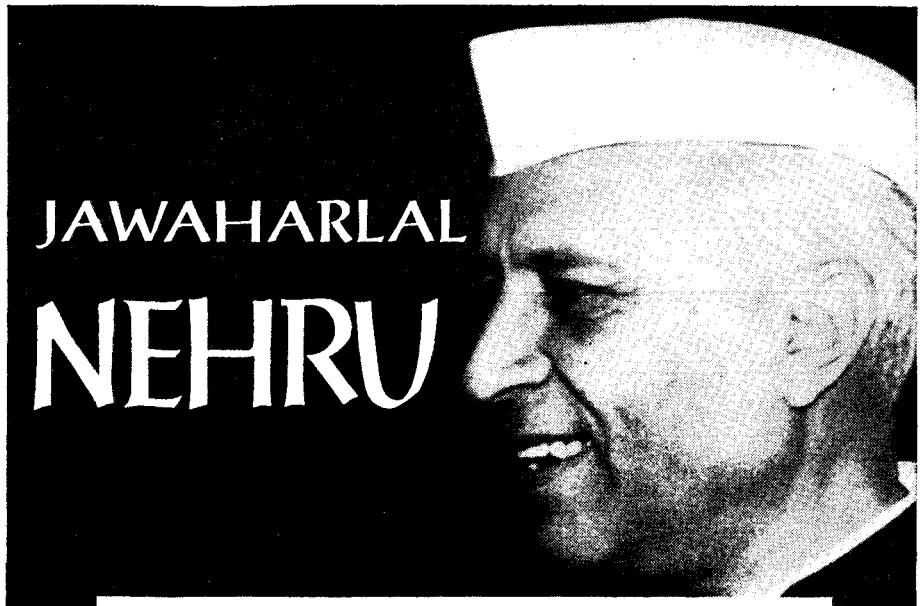

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* *Harper's* Magazine.

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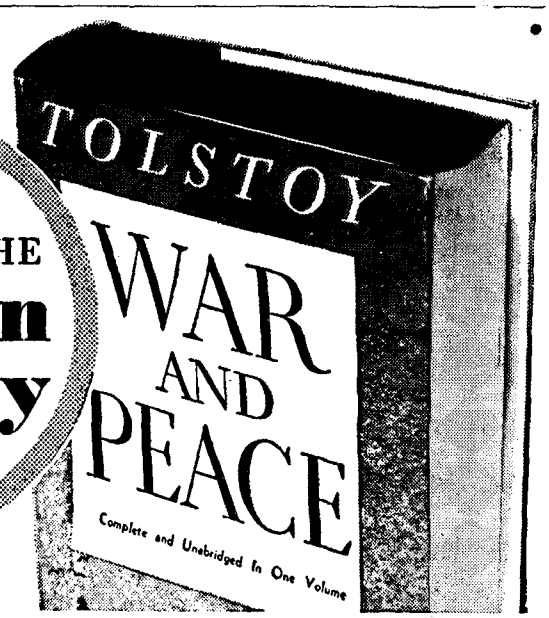

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to appear in a heavy domestic drama at a West Coast studio. After two pretty wild seduction scenes the twelve-year-old was overheard demanding of his friends, "Just what is a seduction anyhow?" The fourteen-year-old cogitated for a few moments, then answered, "I used to know, but I've forgotten."

ONE DAY SOMEBODY is sure to write a book about the Ritz Hotel in Paris. It dates back to 1892, when the gay Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) summoned Charles Ritz and

told him, "I want a nice, secluded little hotel in Paris where I can steal off for occasional—er, relaxation. It must have English service, American plumbing, and French cooking!"

Ritz went back to Paris and bought the Lauzun Palace, on the Place Vendome. It contained only twenty apartments, the demand for which was so insistent that Ritz expanded less than two years later. He bought a structure on the Rue Cambon, built an arcade to connect it with the Lauzun Palace—and that's the way it's been ever since—200 rooms with a staff of 450 to give guests the kind of service they wish they were accustomed to. The Ritz has paid its stockholders an undeviating annual dividend of 7 per cent. To this day no electricity is allowed in the kitchen; the chefs claim it makes the *specialités de la maison* taste different—and heaven forbid that anything come along to disturb the ritual established sixty-four years ago!

INTELLECTUAL TOURISTS FROM AMERICA no longer are satisfied to see merely the Louvre and the house where Victor Hugo lived; they want also to have a look at that precocious lass who wrote the above-mentioned "Bonjour Tristesse" and "A Certain Smile."

She whizzed by us on the Champs Élysées one morning in a snazzy red convertible. "Oho," commented a punster in the party, "I see they've hitched their Sagan to a car!"

• • •

And here I am back at the old stand. My thanks to Laura Hobson for minding the store while I was gone. Good luck to her at *Time-Life*.

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review
OCTOBER 6, 1956

Wedding scene from "Our Town."

THE MAN WHO ABOLISHED TIME

Thornton Wilder and the Spirit of Anti-history

—Photos by Culver.

ed Harris, Frank Craven, Thornton Wilder.

t thirty, in 1927, Thornton Wilder ublished his best-known work, "The ridge of San Luis Rey," a spare, ele- ant history of an accident, the col- ipse of a bridge, that without warning r meaning kills the novel's half- ozen characters. The Flapper Age was truck on the nerve. At once Wilder ecame one of the famous writers of he day. Because his work is pains- iking and very personal, Wilder has ublished infrequently in the years hat followed, and his reputation— hough steady—has remained quiet. 'hat this neglect is unjustified is the oint made here by Malcolm Cowley he critic, in an essay adapted from his ntroduction to the Criterion Press's ollection of Wilder's first three novels, oon to be published.

By MALCOLM COWLEY

THORNTON WILDER is the most neglected, in one sense, of our major living writers. The sense is purely critical, since his work has not suffered from popular neglect, except during a few of the early Depression years. Before that time his second book, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," had been the most successful novel published in the 1920s by any of the new serious writers. In 1956 it was his plays that were popular; one of them was having a triumph on Broadway while a newer one was being produced at the Edinburgh Festival and an older one was being revived by amateur groups more often than any other play of the century.

There is possibly not a night in any year when "Our Town" is not being played somewhere in the Western world, often in a dozen towns at once, with the audience in each feeling that it was written especially for them. This very literary author has been accepted as a folk author, almost like Robert Frost, and he has received all sorts of semiofficial honors here and abroad. In Germany and Austria he is often praised as the leading American writer of his time; at home he has been given three Pulitzer Prizes and the Gold Medal of the National Institute, awarded once in five years for distinguished work in fiction. Yet for twenty years there have been no serious critical studies of his work.

I do not fully understand the reasons for this neglect. It is not a conspiracy of silence or a sign of hidden rancor; critics don't often hide their rancor. If there were real hostility there would be attacks and counterattacks, and these would lead to some understanding of Wilder's position in American letters. Instead there has been a sort of oversight for which one can easily find reasons, but not sufficient reasons. It can be partly explained by the enormous popular success of "The Bridge." In the 1920s most critics believed that a novel could be either a best-seller or a work of art, but couldn't be both. After "The Bridge" had led the best-seller lists for a year, its author was tacitly abandoned to the people, along with their other breads and circuses. But that was a long time ago, before he had done his major work.

Today the silence of the critics can be partly explained by the fact that Wilder has no specialty; he is a novelist, a dramatist, and an essayist, distinguished in all these fields. Each of his new books sets out from a different assumption and follows a different path; compare the elaborate setting of "The Ides of March," described in a series of invented documents, with the mere hint of a setting in "The Bridge," where the story is

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Advice to a Convalescent

By Isobel English

YOU should have died dear;
We are not prepared for this sudden recovery.
We would have laid you away tenderly,
On a bed of roses, garlands and leaves
To go down into the earth with you:
The very best that money could buy.
We woud have stinted nothing,
Promised you the earth—had you lived;
Implemented it with the earth had you died.
Now you return home, pale-lipped and victorious,
We herd together in self-conscious suspicion.
Your fluttering hands that should have folded
In resignation, grasp out hungrily for life.
How can we make you understand now
That it is unreasonable to expect
A holiday abroad.

---

told against a flat backdrop labeled Peru; then compare them both with "Heaven's My Destination," which starts in a smoking car. The critics haven't known how to label him. Yet for all the diversity of his works, each dealing with another place and time—from the Ice Age to the Atomic Age and from the Andes to the Isles of Greece, passing through Omaha and Grover's Corners, New Hampshire—they have been animated from the beginning by the same spirit, one that is almost unique in our own time and country. Perhaps, by contrasting Wilder with other writers of his generation, we can find at least an approximate statement of what the spirit is.

MOST of the other novelists born at the turn of the century had a geographical starting point, a sort of rock to which their early books were attached like a colony of mussels. One thinks of Hemingway's Michigan woods, of Faulkner's county in Mississippi, of Wolfe's North Carolina mountains, and of Summit Avenue in St. Paul, the unnamed scene of so many stories by Scott Fitzgerald. With this generation a strong sense of place re-entered American writing for almost the first time since Hawthorne and Thoreau. But the place that most of them cherished was the country of their childhood, where they had felt at home. In their far wanderings they were always thinking back on it or saying goodbye to it, and often they complained, like Wolfe in the title of his last book, that "You Can't Go Home Again."

(Wilder too is a great traveler, but he never had this sense of being exiled or expatriated, perhaps because there is no one place that he regarded as home. That may have been a result of the boyhood years he spent in China: they did not teach him the wisdom of the East, but they took him away from his birthplace in Madison, Wisconsin. He was no longer a Midwesterner, and he did not become a Californian in spite of his school-days there. Today he is a little more of a New Englander, but chiefly he is an American whose home is wherever he opens one of his bound ledgers, uncaps a fountain pen, and begins writing about people anywhere.)

The others had a home place, but no longer had a family. That doesn't mean they had quarreled with their parents; the days of tears and final separations had ended for writers with the First World War. In the 1920s the young men simply went their way, but it was so different from the parents' way, there was such a gulf between generations, that sons couldn't talk sincerely with their fathers and be understood. They had rejected the standards by which the fathers lived.

(There was no such rejection in Wilder's early career. He never belonged to a conspiracy of youth, leagued in a moral rebellion against middle age. He had worshiped in his father's church and had started by following the profession of teaching that his father picked out for him. In a way he represented continuity and tradition, so far as they existed in American society.)

The others were new or at least tried to be new; they made experimental forays in all directions. Each of them wanted to write what might have been the first novel since the beginning of time, from a fresh vision of life, in a new language. Some of the minor writers, now forgotten, would have liked to abolish all literature before Joyce or Baudelaire or whoever might be their idol of the month. I have heard a toast drunk to Caliph Omar for burning the library at Alexandria.

(Wilder is devoted to books, the older the better, and he says that his writing life has been "a series of infatuations for admired writers." He likes to acknowledge that most of his plots are borrowed and to specify their sources, as in a note that precedes "The Woman of Andros": "The first part of this novel is based upon the 'Andria,' a comedy of Terence, who in turn based his work upon two Greek plays, now lost to us, by Menander." But he transforms the borrowed material, with a richness of invention that would be rare in any age, and becomes original through trying not to be.)

Each of the others had an ideal of art that was allied to symbolism, or to naturalism, or to impressionism, or was a mixture of all three. In any case the ideal was an outgrowth of the romantic movement, and some of the writers tried to make their lives romantic too, most often Byronic or Baudelairean.

(Wilder holds to the classical ideal of measure and decorum. Most of his infatuations have been for classical authors, including Sophocles, Catullus, Virgil, Mme. de Sévigné, and La Bruyère, as well as the severely classical Noh drama of Japan, though he has also taken lessons from Proust and Joyce. I suspect that his tastes in writing are more Roman than Greek, and more English Augustan than Roman. Yale in his undergraduate days was a center of eighteenth-century studies, and there has always been something of that century in his habit of mind; possibly he is the one contemporary author who would subscribe to most of the axioms that Pope advanced in his "Essay on Criticism":

> Those RULES of old discover'd,
> not devis'd,
> Are Nature still, but Nature
> methodiz'd.
> . . . . . .
> Regard not then if Wit be old or
> new,
> But blame the false, and value
> still the true.)

THERE is a still more fundamental difference between his work and that of his contemporaries. The others write novels about a social group—sometimes a small group, as in "Tender Is the Night," sometimes a very large one, as in "U.S.A."—or they write about an individual in revolt against the group, as in "A Fare-

(*Continued on page 50*)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Gay Times

EDWARD VII was the picture of opulence. With his heavy-lidded protruding eyes, his enormous cigars, and his huge, overfed body, always superbly attired, he was the symbol of the good life. He never made any pretense of deriving pleasure from intellectual pursuits. His pleasures were the pleasures of the senses—food, women, magnificence, and above all else comfort. He had indulged his tastes for forty years, but his appetite was still unsatiated. As a result the Edwardian era sprang into being.

Edwardian society modeled itself to suit the King's personal demands. Everything was larger than life-size. There was an avalanche of balls and dinners and country house parties. More money was spent on clothes, more food was consumed, more horses were raced, more infidelities were committed, more birds were shot, more yachts were commissioned, more late hours were kept than ever before. It was, in short, the most ostentatious and extravagant decade that England had ever known.

Oddly enough, Edward VII was immensely popular with the working classes. They liked a King who lived in magnificent style yet constantly showed himself to his people. Scarcely an important social event took place without the sovereign being present. They warmed to the fact that for all his royal grandeur he possessed the human appetites; that he liked to bet on the races and eat gargantuan meals and surround himself with beautiful women. Wherever he went cries of "Good Old Teddy!" greeted him, and the chorus swelled as the reign progressed.

—From "Gay Monarch," by Virginia Cowles (Harper).

Outsider Out of Focus

ERIC BLAIR, now known to the world as George Orwell, was different, but he was almost wholly at fault in his diagnosis of the reasons for his difference. For instance, he was continually complaining of his "ugliness"—or at least about the fact that all his schoolfellows thought him ugly. "Until after I had left school for good," he writes in "Such, Such Were the Joys," "I continued to believe that I was preternaturally ugly. It was what my schoolfellows told me and I had no other authority to refer to." "I was somewhat lonely," he writes of his schooldays in "Why I Write"—this was true—"and I soon developed disagreeable mannerisms which made me unpopular throughout my schooldays"—this was completely untrue. It was not in the least of my memory of him as a schoolboy either that he was ugly, that anybody thought him ugly, or that he was unpopular, and I received only the other day a striking confirmation that my memory was just. I happened to give a talk on Orwell on the wireless, and it was listened to by a friend of mine who had been an Ophidian at Eton at the time that Orwell and I were in college. This friend had never connected the Orwell whom he read in later life with the Blair whom he had known at school.

"Oh, yes," he said to me, "Blair. I remember him well. A tall, good-looking chap, wasn't he?"

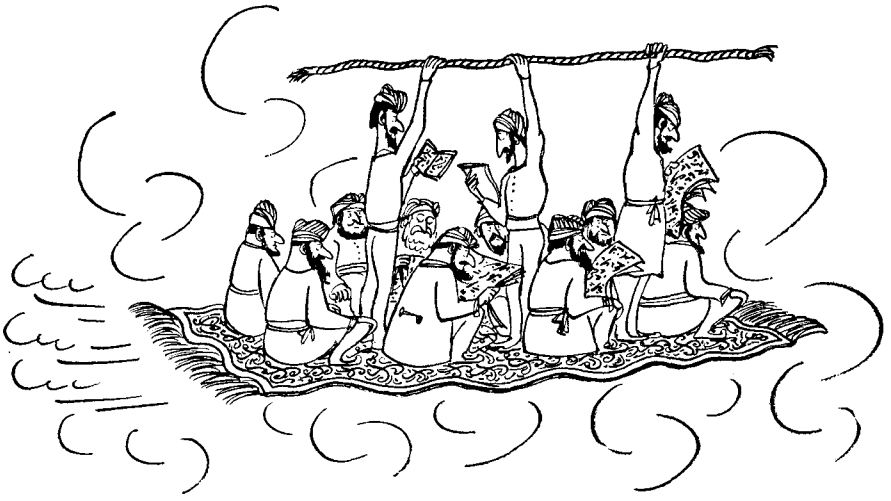
—From "A Study of George Orwell," by Christopher Hollis (Regnery).

Spiritual in Moscow

I HAD been warned before setting out for Russia that I would not be permitted to sing spirituals or any other songs with religious connotations. Nevertheless, I wanted to do the kind of program I did everywhere. The young woman looked at my program, but said nothing. "Ave Maria" was on the list, as were four spirituals.

When the time came for the spirituals she did not say much about them to the audience beyond giving the names. I would guess that she mentioned their Negro origin, but I doubt that she stressed their sacred meaning. I went out and sang them and then the concert was presumably over. It was quite a distance from the piano to the stage exit, and as Kosti and I walked off, not looking back, we heard a swelling noise. It grew in volume and intensity, and when we reached the artist's room it had mounted to horrifying proportions. It sounded as if the building were being torn up by its roots.

The young woman come into the



From "Kovarsky's World" (Knopf).

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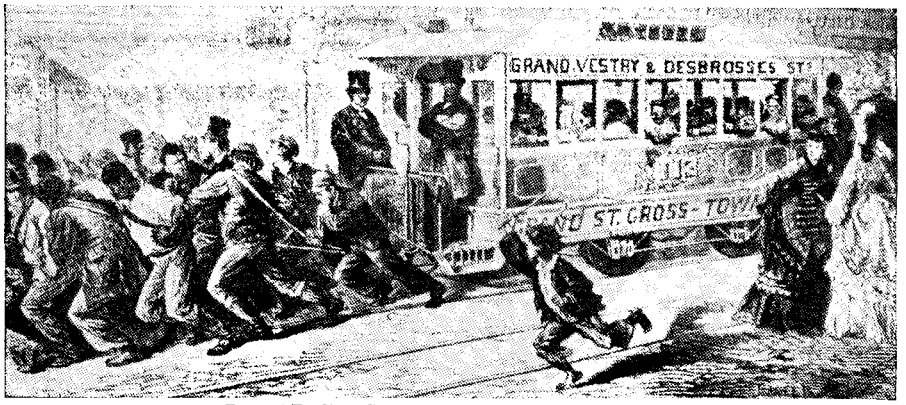
room and asked us to go out on the stage again. We did, and what we saw astonished us. Half the audience—the half that had sat in the rear of the house—had rushed down the aisles and had formed a thick phalanx around the stage. Those nearest the stage were pounding on the board floor with their fists. Deep voices were roaring in Russian accents, "Deep River" and "Heaven, Heaven."

We did several encores with the throng almost underfoot. It was disconcerting for a few moments, but how could one resist such enthusiasm?

—From "My Lord, What a Morning," by Marian Anderson (Viking).

Magic Elixir

IT IS customary for John North to visit Europe each year in search of acts for his circus. . . . The journey is exhausting, and John, a determined gourmet, likes to store up energy by eating rich foods before setting out. [In Paris] he visits, in turn, Maxim's, Larue, Fouquet's, L'Escargot, Le Relais de la Belle-Aurore, and La Tour d'Argent, and then tries some of the smaller places in the side streets. . . . He worries about his health and . . . carries a pillbox jammed with a stunning variety of medications. . . . In addition, he keeps in his inside jacket pocket a family-size bottle of Pepto-Bismol, a pinkish fluid that is represented as mollifying disorders of the stomach.



—From "Trolley Car Treasury" (to be published Oct. 19 by McGraw-Hill).

Men used as draft animals during a New York City epidemic horse disease.

Gastrically, North has placed his faith in Pepto-Bismol for years. He becomes nervous and uneasy when his supply runs low. He hopes that if he lives to be a hundred he will never suffer another experience like the one he had last summer. Checking over his luggage in a small town just north of Lyon, he realized with a shock that he had neglected his extra Pepto-Bismol; on hand was enough for three medium gorges and a midnight breakfast or two. To make matters worse, the internal storm warnings were up; only the previous evening he had been indiscreet with some choice hot hors d'oeuvres. North wasted no time getting on the telephone. By locating two fellow-users in America—Bing Crosby and William Gargan—who knew the head of the company, he was able to fly in fifteen cases of Pepto. Still, his troubles were by no means over. To get the magic elixir through the customs, he had to hire a lawyer and make an affidavit that France was producing nothing comparable. Thus he averted a serious crisis, but he also learned a lesson. He began to stockpile Pepto-Bismol in Europe, and believes that he now has the largest cache of it ever known outside the United States.

—From "Center Ring: The People in the Circus," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Doubleday).

Tom Wolfe's Purpose

EXTRACT from unmailed letter, written by Thomas Wolfe and addressed to Maxwell E. Perkins, probably in November or December 1936, leading up to the break between Wolfe and Perkins and Wolfe's transfer from Scribner's to Harper's:

The editorial relation between us, which began, it seems to me, so wonderfully, has now lost its initial substance. It has become a myth—and what is worse than that, an untrue myth—and it seems to me that both of us are victims of that myth. You know the terms of the myth well enough—it was venomously recorded by a man named DeVoto in *The Saturday Review of Literature* during this past summer—and the terms of the myth are these: that I cannot write my books without your assistance, that there exists at Scribner's an "assembly line" that must fit the great dismembered portions of my manuscript together into a semblance of unity, that I am unable to perform the functions of an artist for myself.

How far from the truth these suppositions are, you know yourself better than anyone on earth. There are few men—certainly no man I have ever known—who is more sure of *purpose* than myself. There are very few men, of course, who are more sure of *means*—but that assurance, with such men, is just a small one—with me it is a hard and thorny one because my means must be my own.

—From "The Letters of Thomas Wolfe," edited by Elizabeth Nowell (Scribner's).

The New Soviet Spirit

COMMUNISM means, of course, different things to different Russians. To the old women at Zagorsk it means anti-Christ, but these old women do not play an active role in the country, though their negative strength must not be underrated—and it is not underrated by the Government. To countless Soviet citizens in middle age, scattered thickly all over the vast surface of the Union it means disillusionment; but for the most part these are not prepared to stand in the way of younger men and women who, in new times, make a better job of things—though they may observe the enthusiasm of the young with ironical, or mocking, or sometimes bitter eye. For the overwhelming majority of citizens of all

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 693

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 693 will be found in the next issue

TAONAH CMHO NA TCRSHO

RO GZJJ RO NA TZRHO RHX

TCAGH TCZRX.

—"NUZ SVAHAVJRON"

(G. V. TCRHH.)

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 692

A man travels the world over in search of what he needs and returns home to find it.

—GEORGE MOORE.

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ages it means, simply, the machinery of state—the only machinery of the only state they know, neither good nor bad, but inescapable. But to the men and women who want to do things, who have ideals and are ready to make sacrifices for them, it is the giver of life: it stands for science and enlightenment and progress, as far as its best elements are concerned, no less absolutely and fervently than their Western cousins once believed in these things only fifty years ago. . . .

Among the things that have lately been striking more intelligent and openminded visitors to the Soviet Union are the unexpected—unexpected to them—reminiscences of Victorianism which are a dominating feature of Soviet life. There is nothing new in this. Florence Nightingale and Queen Victoria have for long been the unknown spiritual heroines of the Soviet Union. Disciplined endeavor, self-denial, moral rectitude, have for long been the desired qualities of the new Soviet man. . . . Imagine a YMCA without Christianity, but with all the power of the state behind it and you have the image of the Komsomol as its organizers think of it. It is an immense and unwieldy cross-section of the Soviet young, reflecting much of the good and a great deal of the bad in the new society, and the Party is no longer sure of what to do with it.

—From "Russia Without Stalin," by Edward Crankshaw (Viking).

Artist's Secret

WE WERE unloading from the bandstand after playing a set, and there were some jazz scholars lurking in wait for us. It was easy to tell they were scholars, because they all had short haircuts and wore heavy-rimmed spectacles and used words like "polyphonic" and "antitonal" and others I wouldn't remember even if I could. One grabbed Wild Bill Davidson's sleeve. Bill knew what was coming; he tightened his jaws on his gum.

"Mr. Davidson," the scholar said, "when you start on a trumpet solo what do you think about?"

"Man," said Mr. Davidson, "I don't think about nothin'. I just blow."

—From "Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz," edited by Eddie Condon and Richard Gehman (Dial Press).

The Search for Sanctions

BY 1956 there appeared to be almost no way in which the deployment of military force—which means men armed with murderous weapons, whether Roman short swords or high-powered artillery or hydrogen bombs, for the slaughter of other men—could be brought rationally to bear upon the decision of any of the political, economic, emotional, or philosophic issues by which men still remained divided. This is the great and unresolved dilemma of our age.

One cannot doubt that a resolution of some kind will be found for it is too difficult to accept a millennial view of history, a Twilight of the Gods, a prognosis of universal catastrophe and extinction. Presumably the human race will in the future, as it has done throughout the past, find means of getting along somehow, probably for the better rather than for the worse. But just how it will do so seems impossible to predict; while the old certainty of military action as the final answer to every problem—a certainty that has remained with us since the dawn of history—seems no longer available. It may be that for final sanctions in our human affairs we shall have to look toward other factors.

—From "Arms and Men: A Military History of the United States," by Walter Millis (G. P. Putnam's).

—From "From One China to the Other" (Universe Books, Inc.).

". . . learning and interpreting a mimed song."

Discovering the Eskimos

DURING the past forty years many have asked me how I could love the Eskimo with all their dirty and degraded ways, their primitive life and pagan customs. . . . Much about [their] life . . . is repulsive to any civilized man. It is the fashion now to say otherwise; to speak of the attractive and alluring simplicity of native life; of the harm done to the unspoiled native by the missionary and even by the trader. But those who make such statements are men who for their own reasons have adventured into the frozen north for brief months or perhaps a year. Not just I with forty years' experience but any who have spent their working lifetime in the Arctic . . . know what it costs in self-abnegation to have endured over long periods the filth, the fear, and the famine that once ruled the Eskimo. . . .

When I first knew them in the early decades of the century they were indeed children of nature—crude and cruel and cunning as well as simple and lovable. They were not a romantic people. To term them such is to do them the injustice of sentimentalizing their fine qualities.

I loved them because I soon discovered that they were real people, men and women and children just like the rest of mankind. They had warm, generous hearts and intelligent minds capable of responding to the "call Divine." As I lived with them away from the mission house either as a paying guest with a family in an igloo or in my own tent pitched among theirs I came to understand and to appreciate their fine characteristics—their courage, generosity, and patience; their outstanding love for their children; and their utopian socialism as far as sharing of food is concerned. . . . I came to recognize that the things which I so much disliked were largely due to the conditions under which they were forced to live in that black wilderness of rock and ice and snow.

From "Archibald the Arctic," by Archibald Lang Fleming, "The Flying Bishop" (Appleton-Century-Crofts).

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An Autumn's Harvest of Books

THIS autumn is not a good season for fiction. That seems to be the conclusion one must inevitably draw from the lists of new books submitted to *SR* this week by twenty-eight book editors of leading newspapers from coast to coast. Each editor was asked to name six titles he believed merited the attention of discriminating readers this fall. A total of eighty books was nominated, fifty-two of them general and only twenty-eight fiction. This is the smallest proportion of fiction named in any of the eight years *SR* has been conducting its seasonal polls.

The books nominated most frequently were:

"The Letters of Thomas Wolfe," edited by Elizabeth Nowell, seven votes.
"Bernard Shaw," by St. John Ervine, six votes.
"Richard the Third," by Paul Murray Kendall, six votes.
"The New World: Vol. 2 of "A History of the English Speaking Peoples'," by Winston S. Churchill, six votes.
"This Hallowed Ground," by Bruce Catton, six votes.
"With Love from Gracie," by Grace Hegger Lewis, six votes.
"The Nun's Story," by Kathryn Hulme, five votes.
"The Tribe That Lost Its Head," by Nicholas Monsarrat, five votes.

In the hope that you will find the editors' suggestions useful as a guide to your reading, they are all printed below. The list was compiled and annotated by Rollene Waterman. The names in the brackets are those of the book editors making the nominations. —RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

Fiction

FIVE VOTES

THE NUN'S STORY. *By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown.* $4.
About Sister Luke, a nursing nun in the Belgian Congo, her return to Belgium, her work with the underground during the Nazi invasion, her struggle before putting aside her wimple for the outside world. (Bond, Cross, Hass, Molyneux, North.)

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. Morrow.* $4.95.
British civil servants, an Oxford-educated chieftain, an unscrupulous journalist, nationalism, and primitivism at work on the fictional island of Pharamaul. (Barkham, Bradley, Bond, Flowers, Wyllie.)

FOUR VOTES

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. *By Angus Wilson. Viking.* $4.50.
The large cast of types and attitudes is held together by the hero-of-sorts, Gerald Middleton, academician. Satirical and sometimes wicked, a first novel by the British short-story writer. (Barkham, Dolbier, Emmart, Yeiser.)

TWO VOTES

CALEB, MY SON. *By Lucy Daniels. Lippincott.* $2.75.
The conflict of Negro-white relations in the changing South enacted out in the family of Asa Blake and his son, Caleb. (Hutchens, Molyneux.)

FIELD OF VISION. *By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.
The lives of a group of Americans are explored as they gather about a symbolic bullring in Mexico. (Little, O'Neill.)

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS. *By Rebecca West. Viking.* $5.
The story of the Aubrey family, penniless and topsy-turvy, but nevertheless lovable and triumphant. Miss West's first novel in twenty years. (Dolbier, Kogan.)

THE KING OF PARIS. *By Guy Endore. Simon & Schuster.* $4.
A biographical novel about Alexandre Dumas *père*. (Herzberg, North.)

THE SACRIFICE. *By Adele Wiseman. Viking.* $3.95.
A family of eastern European Jews attempt to make a new home for themselves in Canada, while holding fast to their cultural traditions. (Bond, Bradley.)

THESE THOUSAND HILLS. *By A. B. Guthrie. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
The story of Lat Evans (of "The Way West") and his struggles to start his own ranch. (Bradley, Perkin.)

ONE VOTE

AMELIE IN LOVE. *By Henri Troyat. Translated by Lily Duplaix. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.
Husband-hunting in provincial France. The choice between a devoted young boy and a strong-willed man is Amelie's problem. (Molyneux.)

BEOWULF. *By Bryher. Pantheon.* $2.75.
The black-out, food rationing, and Miss Selina Tippett and her partner Angela who served teas through it all. The heroic life of prosaic people recorded by a poetic pen. (Yeiser.)

BITTER HONEYMOON AND OTHER STORIES. *By Alberto Moravia. Translated by Bernard Wall. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $3.50.
All kinds of people having all kinds of perceptions, mostly about sex. (T. Sherman.)

THE BROOK KERITH. *By George Moore. Macmillan.* $3.95.
This unusual novel of the life and passion of Christ created a furor when first published in 1916. (T. Sherman.)

THE CENTURIES OF SANTA FE. *By Paul Horgan. Dutton.* $5.
A series of actual incidents given in fictional form, tracing three centuries of the evolution of Sante Fe under Spanish, Mexican, and American rule. (Douglas.)

A CERTAIN SMILE. *By Françoise Sagan. Translated by Anne Green, Dutton.* $2.95.
What happens when a twenty-year-old French girl has an affair with the uncle of her boy friend. (Nichols.)

THE EMPTY NEST. *By Josephine Lawrence. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.95.
The domestic difficulties of a large, generally happy, and indubitably American family. (Herzberg.)

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
New Yorker readers will recognize these. Some wise, some witty, all with a moral. (Nordell.)

HOMECOMING. *By C. P. Snow. Scribner's.* $3.95.
About Lewis Eliot, government servant, his unhappy marriage to a neurotic wife, his love affair, his happy marriage. Deft handling of the Public Man and his Private Life by a major English novelist. (Dolbier.)

THE IDES OF AUGUST. *By William Haygood World.* $4.75.
In this first novel, Mr. Haygood escorts us to the zoo, but instead of Central Park the setting is Mallorca. There aren't any monkeys, only imprisoned expatriates peering out at the reader from behind a variety of neuroses. (T. Sherman.)

JERICHO'S DAUGHTERS. *By Paul I. Wellman Doubleday.* $3.95.
The trail to Jericho, Kansas ("The Chain," "The Walls of Jericho") leads to this new novel about a marriage without love, a love without a marriage, and a nude painting. (Smith.)

THE LONELY PASSION OF JUDITH HEARNE *By Brian Moore. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
A Belfast boarding house, an ex-doorman, a lonely spinster are compounded into a moving first novel. (Nichols.)

THE LOOKING-GLASS CONFERENCE. *By Godfrey Blunden. Vanguard.* $3.75.
A great big spoof at international conference and top-level diplomacy. The imminent crisis is the fate of Khaos where the Inevitables are warring with the Incredibles. Keen satire and madness. (Hass.)

MADAME SOLARIO. *Anonymous. Viking* $3.95.
The enchanting Natalia Solario and her brother Eugene bound together by an unspeakable scandal. A fashionable hotel on Lake Como is the scene for this turn-of-the-century drama. (Little.)

MALONE DIES. *By Samuel Beckett. Evergreen. Paperbound.* $1.25.
A novel by the author of "Waiting for Godot," offering lucid confusion and philosophical rumblings about a writer whose days are numbered. (Yeiser.)

RACHEL CADE. *By Charles Mercer. Putnam's* $3.95.
Rachel, doing good works in Africa, romances with Dr. Paul. He leaves and she meets the Rev. Caleb. Love and suffering among the witch doctors. (Flowers.)

STRANGER TO THE SHORE. *By Kenneth Dodson. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
An adventure story about a dangerous mission on a freighter and the often greater dangers on shore. Nazis, Chileans, romance, by the author of "Away All Boats." (Cady.)

WARDEN OF THE SMOKE AND BELLS. *By Richard Llewellyn. Doubleday.* $3.75.
Marco Polo, homeward bound from Cathay with an Oriental princess, stopped in at Assisi. This is an account of what ensued. (Flowers.)

WINTER TALES II. *St. Martin's Press.* $3.75.
An interesting and original collection of short stories for anyone's winter eve, by Rosamond Lehmann, William Plomer, John Wain among others of England's foremost storytellers. (Dolbier.)

General

SEVEN VOTES

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE. *Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner's.* $10.
The naivete, humor, and tenderness of Thomas Wolfe emerge above the black egotism and self-pity in this large collection of revealing letters. (Barkham, Bradley, Cady, Kogan, Smith, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

SIX VOTES

THE NEW WORLD. Volume II of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." *By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
The stage having been set in "The Birth of Britain," the characters now play their parts. From the advent of the Tudors, through the Elizabethan age, Cromwell, Charles II, and on to William and Mary. Memorable history by an eloquent historian. (Barkham, Bond, Cross, Dolbier, Nordell, J. Sherman.)

THIS HALLOWED GROUND. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday.* $5.95.
The Union's side of the Civil War story by the author of "A Stillness at Appomattox." A strong sense of drama and immediacy has refurbished the worn tales and familiar figures. (Babcock, Cady, Flowers, Kogan, Nordell, Tinkle.)

RICHARD III. *By Paul Murray Kendall. Norton.* $5.95.
This puzzling monarch emerges as not quite a saint but not such a sinner either under thi

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American scholar's examination. A rich biography intricately woven into the tapestry of fifteenth-century England. (Hass, Hutchens, McManis, O'Neill, Wyllie, Yeiser.)

BERNARD SHAW. *By St. John Ervine. Morrow.* $7.50.
Reading this expansive, opinionated, and loving biography by his life-time friend and fellow playwright is a good way to celebrate GBS's hundredth anniversary. (Barkham, Cady, Emmart, McManis, North, O'Neill.)

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE. *By Grace Hegger Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.
Sinclair Lewis's first marriage as seen by his partner. Significant because of its many intimate details about his early success. (Babcock, Cady, Herzberg, Little, T. Sherman, Wyllie.)

FIVE VOTES

ATOMIC QUEST. *By Arthur Holly Compton. Oxford.* $5.
A first-hand account of the atomic bomb from the presentation of the project to President Roosevelt through the planning, research, and final use. An important narrative by a Nobel Prizewinner who was a major participant in A-bomb research. (Barkham, Nordell, O'Neill, Smith, Tinkle.)

MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS. *By Irving Stone. Doubleday.* $5.75.
Mr. Stone says this is "the story of the opening of a land and the building of a civilization"—and the story is just that big. Told in terms of men and women, the mass of material seems to engulf even these giants, but through it all our own history seems pretty exciting. (Bond, Little, Molyneux, Perkin, Tinkle.)

FOUR VOTES

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford.* $5.
With material from his *magnum opus*, "A Study of History," the learned doctor offers a "glimpse of the universe" reached by "following the historian's professional path." Certain to provide more ammunition for both those on his team and those in opposing camps. (Molyneux, North, Perkin, Smith.)

THE OUTSIDER. *By Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
Mr. Wilson (aged twenty-four) has his say about twentieth-century man. His hero is the one who is always out-of-step in a parade. (Little, Nichols, North, Yeiser.)

THREE VOTES

GALLIPOLI. *By Alan Moorehead. Harper.* $4.50.
An account of the sea-land effort to knock Turkey out of World War I. For arm-chair strategists and anyone interested in courage and daring. (Little, Molyneux, Wyllie.)

OLD BULLION BENTON. *By William Nisbet Chambers. Little, Brown.* $6.
The Jacksonian Senator from Missouri, Thomas Hart Benton, who swaggered his way to fame, is the subject of fine historical research. Clay, Calhoun, Webster, gold coinage, slavery are all here in this careful record of a tumultuous era in American politics. (Douglas, Hutchens, T. Sherman.)

OVER THE BRIDGE. *By Richard Church. Dutton.* $3.75.
The story of childhood in Victorian England and early maturity in Edward's reign. Unsentimental and quietly philosophical, this is the autobiography of an English poet and critic little known in America. (Douglas, Hass, T. Sherman.)

A PIECE OF MY MIND. *By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $4.
Reflections and reminiscences upon religion, war, sex, and the author at sixty. (Dolbier, Perkin, J. Sherman.)

TWO VOTES

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. *Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill.* $5.50.
All about that indomitable fellow, Johnson's future biographer, and his quest for the right woman. The volume begins in 1766 with him holding hands with the gardener's daughter and ends four busy years later with him happily married to his sensible cousin. (Perkin, J. Sherman.)

THE DEAD SEA SCRIPTURES. *Translated and with introduction by Theodore H. Gaster. Doubleday. Clothbound,* $4. *Anchor. Paperbound,* 95¢.
The actual text of the ancient Hebrew writings found several years ago near the Dead Sea, together with an essay placing them in a proper historical niche. (Cross, O'Neill.)

THE EARLY CHURCHILLS. *By A. L. Rowse. Harper.* $6.50.
Sir Winston's ancestors were impressive people, too, as this account of their origins and roles in the reigns of William and Mary and Queen Anne makes clear. (Babcock, Douglas.)

HIGH, WIDE AND LONESOME. *By Hal Borland. Lippincott.* $3.75.
A New York newspaperman recalls his own green years in the isolated country of eastern Colorado. An account of a pioneer boyhood rich in detail. (Hass, Hutchens.)

IN SEARCH OF ADAM. *By Herbert Wendt. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.50.
An account of man's attempt, through science, to find order in nature. (McManis, Nichols.)

THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE. *By Eric Wollencott Barnes. Scribner's.* $5
The story of Edward Sheldon, successful playwright who became paralyzed at the height of his career and lived to inspire countless writers and artists. (Babcock, North.)

THE MILITANT SOUTH. *By John Hope Franklin. Harvard University Press.* $5.
The South's love of the military is the provocative theme developed in this well-documented book. (Flowers, Herzberg.)

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. *By Frank Moraes. Macmillan.* $7.50.
A biography of India's great Prime Minister, this is also a history of India's fight for freedom, by the editor of *The Times of India.* (Nordell, Tinkle.)

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX. *By James MacGregor Burns. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.
A biography of FDR by an author who manages to remain remarkably objective. (Hutchens, T. Sherman.)

THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER. *By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown,* $5.
The Ward sisters—Julia, Louisa, and Annie—are the saints and their incorrigible brother Sam is the sinner in this story of a most unusual nineteenth-century family. (Bond, Herzberg.)

ONE VOTE

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. *By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead.* $5.75.
An essayist's leisurely journey from Cape Cod to California recording all that is mysterious and varied about nature in the autumn of the year. (Bradley.)

THE BIBLE AS HISTORY. *By Werner Keller. Translated by William Neil. Morrow.* $5.95.
Science and archeology give the Bible new and interesting historical significance. (J. Sherman.)

THE BIBLE FOR FAMILY READING. *Prepared by Joseph Gaer and Chester C. McCowen. Little, Brown.* $7.50.
For those who want their Bible without the "begats" and detailed genealogies. (Smith.)

BLESSED ARE THE DEBONAIR. *By Margaret Case Harriman. Rinehart.* $3.50.
For those who frequented the Algonquin and like to reminisce about those glorious old days, and for those who didn't belong to that inner circle but who wished they had, here is another book of recollections by the daughter of the host of the celebrity-haunted hotel. (Douglas.)

THE CULTIVATION OF CHRISTMAS TREES. *By T. S. Eliot. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $1.25.
A good-hearted bit of Christmas in one poem by a poet who is usually busy with more somber thoughts. (Emmart.)

(*Continued on page* 49)

Winston S. Churchill, St. John Ervine, Bruce Catton, Kathryn Hulme, Alan Moorehead, Grace Hegger Lewis, Thomas Wolfe, Paul Murray Kendall, Nicholas Monsarrat—"merit the attention of discriminating readers this fall."

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The Candidates and the Voters

FOR THE most part, this year, the voting strengths and weaknesses of the two Democratic candidates supplement each other remarkably. Adlai Stevenson's strength lies in the big cities and their surrounding suburban areas. He is popular on both the East and West Coasts, and to a lesser degree in the South. Most Negroes have stayed loyal to him. He is strongly admired by young people and by independents (two groups who were an important part of the early Eisenhower boom in 1952). In addition, his ideas and his ability to articulate them give him a strong intellectual and philosophical appeal. Estes Kefauver, on the other hand, has had his greatest successes in the crucial Midwestern rural areas. He is also popular with members of labor unions. He is the most admired Democrat among dissident Republicans and independents who voted for Eisenhower in 1952.

From San Francisco the Republicans sent out into the field again their winning team of 1952: Eisenhower and Nixon. The problems involved in their choice of a Vice Presidential candidate were substantially different from those the Democrats faced, as were the methods of selection. The Democratic political experts were searching for a candidate who would *add* strength to the Stevenson ticket. The Republicans, realizing that no one could *add* to the immense popularity of Eisenhower, were concerned with selecting a Vice Presidential candidate who would subtract the least from the ticket. It is difficult to say that they did this.

Eisenhower's strength is in the small cities and the suburbs; his weakness is in the big cities and the farm areas. His strongest regional support is in the Midwest, despite farmer disaffection, while the region most lukewarm toward him is the desegregation-seared South. He is strong also on both coasts. His appeal is stronger to older people than to young, to whites rather than to Negroes, to people who don't belong to labor unions rather than to those who do. Nixon's areas of strength almost exactly parallel Eisenhower's, except that he is less popular with Democrats and not liked too much by independents, nor is he admired very much in his own area, the Far West.

THE Democrats have paired their two strongest votegetters in their attempt to unseat the incumbent Republicans. The Republicans expect their four-year record and the Eisenhower magic with the electorate to assure them of another four years in power. With Eisenhower's personal popularity relatively undiminished and the country in a state at least approximating peace and prosperity, the Republicans seem to have good reason for their optimism. But there is optimism among the Democrats, too, about the outcome in November. It is more cautious and conditional than that of the Republicans, but it is nonetheless there. What is it based upon?

It seems to be based on three main issues. One is a broad issue which cuts across class and sectional lines, which the Democrats are excited about and think everybody else ought to be excited about. This is the handling of foreign policy under the Eisenhower Administration as exemplified by Secretary Dulles—a policy which is called directionless, blundering, and productive of global ill will.

Whether the Democrats stress the issue of the President's health or not our surveys show that the people themselves regard it as a very real issue. Another issue on which the Democrats are counting is that the regular Republican Party organization in each state and county around the country will prove too much of an albatross to hang around the neck of even so great and popular a figure as Eisenhower.

The Democrats are also counting on several regional issues—public versus private power, farm problems, pockets of industrial unemployment—to revitalize the sectional unity that has been in the past an important part of the national political picture. Of course, the strongest forces in the country today are working to break down the old regional loyalties and sense of "separate" problems. They will be with us a good while yet, but as the country becomes more alike North and South, East and West the really important differences are becoming those of class and occupation, which are intimately connected with whether one lives on a farm or in a city apartment or in the ever-expanding suburbs. It is no longer possible to talk about the Midwest as a unit, for example. Today 39 per cent of Midwesterners consider themselves Democrats, and 37 per cent Republicans. Four years ago it was: Democrats 40 per cent, Republicans 36 per cent. But beneath this small difference lie two important shifts not revealed in the overall figures. Whereas in 1952 Midwesterners who lived in rural areas were split pretty evenly between the two parties, the Democrats now have an impressive majority in the country areas. In the towns and suburbs of big cities the Democratic majority has been replaced by a Republican edge.

Basically the country today is still more Democratic than Republican. Forty-seven per cent call themselves Democrats and 31 per cent Republicans. Basically the country still likes Ike. But our latest survey shows some defection from Eisenhower to Stevenson and even more defection from Eisenhower to "undecided." Today the Democratic Party is united, no split as in 1952. On the other hand today Eisenhower has a four-year record of peace and prosperity to point to. But there is discernible a new note—not apparent even a year ago: it's no longer considered unthinkable to criticize President Eisenhower's handling of his office.

—ELMO ROPER.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THINK NOT OF MAN ALONE

IN REGARD TO N.C.'s "Think of a Man" (*SR* Aug. 4) I am not much concerned that atomic and hydrogen bombs may destroy mankind. I owe my allegiance to the whole world of life. The disappearance of a single species is of small importance when two billion years of creation hang in the balance. We must realize that unbridled use of atomic energy for peace and war threatens the future not only of Man, but of every living thing on this planet.

Destruction will not wait for exposure of each organism to a bomb or its dust. Devious natural methods are even now distributing the by-products of radiation to every hidden island and unsounded depth. The wind and rain and rivers are not the only forces to be feared. There is the circulation of atoms from living thing to living thing, and from dead thing to living thing. There is a food chain that builds a coon from a frog that fed on a butterfly that sucked juice from a flower and ate leaves as a worm. The chain does not cease with the coon. It may be complicated by a coyote or it may be simplified by a worm. A coon may die in many ways and his atoms may circulate in 1,000 directions and become a part of a million organisms within a few days. His destiny is not to be buried in a vault, but to be reborn in leaf and flower and butterfly and frog and coon and coyote and millions of minute plants and animals that defy description. With radioactive atoms circulating in this system what has been a cycle of perpetual life is already becoming an inexorable race to extinction.

Ever since the Jews sought solace in words and the Greeks began to reason man has granted himself dominion over the earth. Aristotle preaches that nature "has made all animals for the sake of man." Genesis proffers "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." What authority is there for such a concept other than our own self-interest and conceit? We are not the owners of life. We are part of it. As I watch the eagles search the Mississippi I ponder their meaning—their bold harpooning of the shad, their bullying of the ducks, their upthrust head and thrilling cry. These have nothing to do with me. The eagle thrills to life as I do. Life is his possession. These great birds were seeking shad long before our race stepped out of the darkness of time.

With the eagles are gatherings of gulls, scattered grebes and crows, canvasbacks, cormorants, mergansers, and scaup, searching the river for their livelihoods, facing as individuals the responsibilities of living and perpetuation each in his characteristic manner, each with relish for his existence. What fiat empowers us to dictate their destiny?

We can destroy all this—the complex social balance that exists among animals and plants, the system that provides for inheritance and change of instinct and emotion and sensation and form—but could we invent a tree all over again, a vine, a rose, a hummingbird with a trumpet flower to fit? Can one of us design a tumblebug and teach him what to do or grow carpeting as soft as the green moss or fill an empty sky with geese and teach them Vs and honking and where to fly?

Man cannot build life, for life is made with eons of time, the one missing ingredient in Man's repertoire. To him that commands time all things are possible. To him that does not, let him stand in awe of it.

History is so small. All we talk of as being history and important is one event. Its importance shrinks when we consider the millions of dim geological events that preceded us—the emergence of continents, the building of rivers and soils, the radiation, isolation, and fusion of life. When we interpret our own story we must remember that compared to the cockroach we have barely been born. Turtles have been solving the problems of life 200 million years longer than we have. Dams, trains, revetments, cranes, towers, towns, highways of cars, smoke in the sky, and motors on the river—these things are Man, and yet they are like chalk on a board. His books, his thoughts, his discoveries that seem so characteristic, so majestic, are no more majestic than the methods of the bee that exploits the flower. Animals and plants are creations as important as ourselves, though they are at our mercy, unfair as that may seem.

But man and his machines are in charge of our destiny and that of the planet. It is ourselves that we have been worshiping under the guise of God. Let us admit this deception and turn our admiration to time and life and chance, and find in them the proper inspiration for piety and awe. Worship and preach now lest Man, in desperation, resort to catastrophe, condemning the crazy elements to drift in abandon again.

ALFRED G. ETTER, *Director,*
Clopton Experimental Farm,
Washington University.
Clarksville, Mo.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Well, at least the wife will know you've been here."

GOD LAUGHING

MACLEISH ERRED in "J.B." (*SR* Sept. 1) when he tells us through both Mr. Zuss and Nickles that "God never laughs! In the whole bible." How about this one: "He who sits in the heavens laughs" (Psalms II, 4).

MORDECAI M. KAPLAN.
New York, N. Y.

BRITAIN WAS BUSY

IN *SR* AUG. 11 I find reference to 1781, when the American Colonies were "pitted against the overwhelming might of the British Empire." Of what did this might consist? The Empire included much of North America, where the Thirteen Colonies were—rightly—in rebellion. Canada was a large territory sparsely inhabited by fur-traders, backwoodsmen, and settlers loyal to France. India was not yet a part of the Empire. Australia was a penal settlement—with a few other pioneers. New Zealand was mainly Maori. The Cape Settlements had only recently come under British rule, and the rest of the "empire" were little trading posts and islands all over the seas. Moreover, relations between England and France were so bad that our commitments in Europe were stretched to the limit. "Overwhelming might" is only a figment of the imagination.

DOROTHY W. COLEMAN.
Sheringham, England

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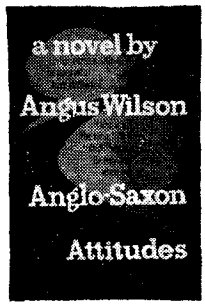

SR's *Book of the Week:*

"ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES"

Author: Angus Wilson

By JAMES GRAY

WITH Angus Wilson's "Anglo-Saxon Attitudes" (Viking Press, $4.50) we have a dazzling turn for the better. Out of England has come a brilliant novel with a story to tell, an outlook upon human experience to reveal, wit and insight to display. And all this has been accomplished fluently, casually, without intellectual pretension or faking.

It is rather as though Aldous Huxley had been reborn, his talent purged of the splenetic gloating over human triviality that marred his earlier work and of the almost equally splenetic spiritual snobbery that marred his later books. Angus Wilson is a ruthless anatomist of character but his approach seems never to expose the sadist in the surgeon. His candor is incisive but its intention is to cure not to torment.

The "attitudes" of the title are those that dramatize Anglo-Saxon morality. A commodious phrase of this kind is needed to enclose the wide stretch of Wilson's interests. He is concerned here with standards of scholarship, and no novelist has ever written about the academic world with so fine a respect, edged with so sharp an irony. He is concerned with the arts, especially with the new mass media used as often to spread confusion as to communicate news. And he is concerned, of course, with the endlessly interesting and baffling problems of personal relations, as these have brought new perils and disasters to men and women in Freud's, Gide's, and Kinsey's age of indulgence.

Highly skilled in the tactics of the novel, Wilson has found one strong central situation around which to group scores of related stories and a vast company of characters representing all phases of contemporary life. Gerald Middleton, a distinguished medievalist, begins to suspect in the year 1955 that he had been in his youth witness to the first scene in a great fraud upon scholarship. In 1912 he had been a guest at an estate on which the tomb of a thirteenth-century bishop of the Christian Church had been discovered. When first examined by the experts the coffin contained the obscene image of a pagan god. The question had risen immediately as to whether or not this great churchman had reverted to the secret practice of primitive rites. Was it possible, on the other hand, that the object had been planted in the tomb by a mischievous, interfering hand at the moment of the opening?

Two questions, in fact, confront Middleton in his conscientious old age: First, what is the truth of the matter? Second, must an unpleasant truth be told in the interest of pure historic accuracy or may it be suppressed to protect great reputations and tender relationships?

Ibsen once asked the same question in "The Wild Duck." The effort to find even an indecisive answer resulted in general ruin. Here the unequivocal answer that truth must be told is completely persuasive, but the resulting ruin is no less widespread. As Middleton, like a detective who out-Sherlocks Holmes in fastidiousness and precision, makes his way back through the past he uncovers many secrets, highly important and personal to himself, upon which he would rather not have lifted the lid. He learns, for example, why his marriage has been a disastrous failure, why his childishly cruel wife has been able to steal every moral advantage from him and make his children hate him, why one son has become a kind of timorous bully and another an exhibitionistic, morally twisted fraud. This catalogue offers the merest hint of what flies out of this Pandora's box to rebuke the conscience of the scholar, the lover, the parliamentarian, the artist, the philosopher, the employer, the churchman. Covering four decades of English social life, touching every level from those of political and spiritual leader to that of the criminal, exploring every mood from that of high comedy to that of bitter melodrama, Wilson's book seems to be as boldly conceived and as deftly executed as any novel of the great tradition.

But the chief interest is still in character and the impulse is neither to glorify it fatuously nor to denigrate it frivolously. Wit keeps the tone of observation sparkling and—what is far more remarkable—compassion keeps the level of judgment high, impartial, even moving.

—Paul Moor.

THE AUTHOR: Angus Frank Johnstone-Wilson in one of his not infrequent inhibited moments once admitted: "It had always been my intention *not* to write books. I used to say that too many people wrote and I still do." His resolution weakened during World War II, while he was convalescing from a nervous breakdown induced by service in the British Foreign Office. He kept up his war-born diversion of writing short stories during weekends after the war, when his daily duty was to preside over the millions of volumes in the reading room of the British Museum. The first fruit of this therapeutic activity was a collection of acid-etched stories, "The Wrong Set," which scored a critical bull's eye when published in 1949. Subsequent weekends, far from lost, resulted in "Such Darling Dodos" (1950), "Emile Zola" (1952), a critical examination of the French naturalist's novels, and a novel, "Hemlock and After" (1952), a subterranean study of homosexuality. By this time Wilson was used to hearing himself and his work referred to by critics with such phrases as "hypodermic wit . . . morbid, mad, sour . . . bilious." Wilson's retort was urbane: "I like to use irony in my approach. . . . I feel that the general desire that some characters be faultless is unhealthy and untrue and that to portray characters without saying all that must be said against them is patronage and not praise. I do not hesitate to mix satire, social realism, farce, melodrama, and tragedy in one work. It has been criticized as an impossible method, but I believe that if the novel is to recover from the anemia which has beset it since the 1920s, it must once more cover a wide social canvas." Forty-three-year-old, Sussex-born Angus Wilson came by his material through three childhood years in Natal, undergraduate work at Oxford, experiences as tutor, secretary, restaurant and hotel operator, and judge of folk-dance exhibitions. By last year his pen was bringing him enough returns to allow him to give up his British Museum job and devote his full time to writing, with weekend gardening and travel as diversions. At the moment he is in Toulouse, France, sharpening up his wit for new writing projects.

—SIEGFRIED MANDEL

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Straddling Giant

"King of Paris," by Guy Endore *(Simon & Schuster. 504 pp. $4), is a romantic novel based on the life of Alexandre Dumas père.*

By Frances Keene

GUY ENDORE'S "King of Paris," a gusty, flamboyant, altogether rousing account of the life of Dumas père, has many things to recommend it: color, warmth, wit, and, that rarest of qualities in the historical novel, an ability to communicate a period tolerably remote from the reader's. Not least of Mr. Endore's splendors is his unpedantic but just assessment of his own technique set forth in the section "A Final Word." Here the author explains why he has had the sense to call this sprawling yet largely accurate biography a novel; he gives instances in which he, Endore, has improved on a contemporary anecdote to sharpen the bite of a line, or where he has changed a date slightly (as in the age of De Mirecourt's son when the proposed duel with Dumas fils was to take place) to highlight a scene. Endore with tongue-in-cheek candor justifies these essentially dramatic tricks by quoting *il pio Dante: "Se non è vero, è ben trovato."*

The book rumbles forward at a jerking, sometimes insecure pace, like the great coaches Dumas himself preferred to ride even after the railway was handily available. You could see so much more from a lowered coach window, you could stop to explore the countryside, you could, if no one but the occupants and the driver knew what you were about, poach a bit and share a brace of birds at the next inn with some fellow traveler. Above all, you got the smell and feel of the world around you. Just so with the author, who seems at times to be wandering at random in Dumas's world, yet the purpose of the jolting ride is achieved; this is live biography, overtones and all. Of course many of the specific scenes are apocryphal and a good many of the conversations never took place, but the heaving outlines of this straddling giant come so close to you that if you're the least bit with it you can hear "the noise of his steady breathing."

One of the best documented parts of the book is the story of Napoleon's relations with General Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie Dumas, the author's father. The hypothetical nearness by which Napoleon, and not the half-breed Dumas, became the man of destiny makes vital, historically para-

—*Etienne Carjat.*

Dumas père—"sensual, perceptive."

doxical reading. This is balanced by intimate views of the little four-year-old orphan Alexandre, struggling upstairs after the General's death with two heavy pistols; he was going to "shoot God" for taking away his father.

It would be unfair to reveal the psychological thread (or perhaps no more than author's character-key) on which Endore has hung his version of this great, wallowing, sensual, delicate, perceptive, imaginative man who epitomizes so much of the past mid-century. Like Wilde, Dumas might well have said that he had put his genius into his life and not into his ceaseless flow of books. Much of that "genius for life" Endore has caught in his biography. Boswell, who had the advantage of being alive while his protagonist spoke, wrote early on: "The mind of man is like a room which is either made agreeable or the reverse by the pictures with which it is adorned. External circumstances are nothing to the purpose. Our great point is to have . . . the affluence of life . . . on the inside." In this sense Guy Endore has done well by his man, his period, and, above all, his reader.

—*Mike Gerson-Seymour Studios.*

Helen Howe—"rippling, shrewd."

Ivy to Asphalt

"The Success," by Helen Howe *(Simon & Schuster. 370 pp. $3.95), is the story of an ambitious woman who passes through a Boston Brahmin marriage to what is considered success in the chromium world of Madison Ave.*

By James Kelly

WHERE women are concerned, Helen Howe makes clear in her novel "The Success," it takes one to know one. Invading the Apley territory to the north and following the proper-Bostonian itinerary of Henry James (with side trips to Manhattan and Hollywood), Miss Howe keeps her feminine eye peeled. Through the prototype person of Maggie Fraser, a restless Old Family girl whom we accompany from Vassar '22 through a Brahmin marriage, divorce, and goal-line stand in the commercial world of radio, we get a new look at the individual confusedly rebelling against an ivy-covered way of life.

The fact that Maggie is an empty, gaily immature woman who runs the whole course of illusion, delusion, and confusion before she is through perhaps weakens the novel's central issue. Since it is proved time after time that her sense of values is weak and that she places public acclaim far ahead of achievement as a wife, mother, and friend, one cannot put much faith in her judgment as a critic of the social and cultural system from which she sprang. Nevertheless, the reader at the point of boredom, surfeited with too-rich a soufflé of New England family protocol and too voluble a guide (however well informed), may suddenly realize that "The Success" is a triumphant novel. If this is the way things are this is the way they come through the author's eye, ear, and bright exposition. A practising monologist of some renown, Miss Howe manages sardonic visual scenes of females at bay which will interest most women and educate most men.

As a fourth novel this one carries the startling distinction of being almost a complete synthesis of themes used in the author's three previous offerings: "The Circle of the Day" (ego vs. love in a sophisticated New York setting), "We Happy Few" (cultural skirmishes among the Harvard intelligentsia), and "The Whole Heart" (a woman's view of a successful radio personality). The polished material is here, ready for a new audience and including the tested favorite material of an old one. The writing is rippling and shrewd, always articulate and

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controlled. Yet dullish Beacon Hill residents, neo-sophisticates of New York's moneyed set, and tigerish denizens of filmland come through to us as types rather than as people. They are studied labels, carefully and separately filed in the author's mind. They meet, but they do not entwine in a plot which was put together chiefly as a showcase for them. We are utterly convinced that Miss Howe is a superlative guide for Inside Femininity, fully equipped with special knowledge and a pointer. Here is the dilemma of vacuum wife-life, where personal success is measured in terms of audience reaction. We are not quite so sure that anything new or arresting has been revealed about time-set mores common to Boston and Philadelphia beyond what Messrs. Marquand and Morley have already passed along.

"MAGGIE was a wife. Maggie was a mother. But still Maggie knew that there were energies within her straining to be unleashed. . . . Never suspicious, rarely perceptive, Maggie was vulnerable as the stupid and selfish are always vulnerable in the hands of the clever, conscious mischief-maker." Beginning with her marriage to Dexter Bradfield, scion of the most adamant Old Family ever to nestle in the shadow of Harvard, Maggie finds herself an outsider. Motherhood and do-good clubs don't help. Attempts to marry off spinster Vassar classmates are temporary diversions. Not even a passionless divorce and marriage to an ambitious adman-novelist named Raymond Masters results in peace of mind. Even though Ray's job as Hollywood writer gives the reader some coruscating portraits of starlets, Big Producers, and Famous Artists who live, work, and play as far away from the Charles River as it is possible to get. Finally, in the few years following the war, Maggie finds herself as a full-fledged radio "name." She is happy and proud in the midst of tragedy among her friends and family. And when she must choose between her career and obscure family obligations to husband and daughter she proves (realistically) that she has not learned a thing. To end the saga of Maggie with any happier conclusion would have been false and theatrical after what has gone before.

So the ironically titled "The Success" is quite a novel with a little something for everybody. But the one getting the most from it will be the jaundiced, non-poetic male who has always felt an urge to listen in on "the largest secret society in the world—two married women alone together."

Ring Around a Hero

"The Field of Vision," by Wright Morris *(Harcourt, Brace. 251 pp. $3.50), gathers a group of Americans at a bullfight in Mexico and then carefully explores their individual lives.*

By Winfield Townley Scott

WHEN you settle into middle age you discover a new and peculiar pleasure which arises from the fact that now most of the books are being written by your contemporaries. Whether any of the creative writers among them use the past as intricately as Henry James or as majestically as Mark Twain is beside the particular point that it is now frequently *your* past which you keep coming upon. And one or another novelist, apparently by no more than coincidence of birth, will seem startlingly to have your experience of time and place, your sense of seasons and landscape and neighborhood—even though in literal fact his areas of the country, his sources from travel or whatever, are not yours, and even though you may feel that what you know is but part of so much that he seems to know. Thus Wright Morris has for years, so to speak, been writing my novels for me. I daresay he has many readers who feel the same way.

For one thing—but it is basic to his work—Morris is so simply and naturally an American novelist. Aside from contemporaries who don't much use the home place we have some who use it a shade too thoughtfully: their bones of theory show through. Not Morris—he is marvelously observant, and he knows the look of American town and people as he knows his own skin. He can by one detail take you instantly where he wants you, as for example "grass"—"McKee had sat on the porch, which was so close to the ground grass grew through the cracks in it. . . ." He can with quick strokes show a specific character in instantly recognizable images, thus the same McKee—"A simple frame-house sort of life with an upstairs and a downstairs, and a kitchen where he lived, a parlor where he didn't, a stove where the children could dress on winter mornings, a porch where time could be passed summer evenings, an attic for the preservation of the past, a basement for tinkering with the future, and a bedroom for making such connections as the nature of the house would stand." And his prose is American: often inaccurate by the schoolbook but never by the ear, and

(*Continued on page* 46)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

BOOKS AND PRESIDENTS

Since this is a Presidential election year Elizabeth Mills of Springfield, Mo., thought it would be a good idea to have you determine during which Administrations the books listed below were published. You might name the authors too. Ballots are counted on page 26.

1. "Ben-Hur"	( ) John Quincy Adams
2. "Elsie Venner"	( ) Chester Alan Arthur
3. "Evangeline"	( ) Grover Cleveland
4. "Gone With the Wind"	( ) Calvin Coolidge
5. "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman"	( ) Dwight D. Eisenhower
6. "Helen's Babies"	( ) Millard Fillmore
7. "Janice Meredith"	( ) Ulysses S. Grant
8. "Little Women"	( ) Warren G. Harding
9. "Moby-Dick"	( ) Rutherford B. Hayes
10. "Penrod"	( ) Herbert Hoover
11. "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn"	( ) Andrew Johnson
12. "The Ambassadors"	( ) Abraham Lincoln
13. "The Good Earth"	( ) William McKinley
14. "The Green Bay Tree"	( ) James Monroe
15. "The Hairy Ape"	( ) Franklin Pierce
16. "The Last of the Mohicans"	( ) James K. Polk
17. "Marjorie Morningstar"	( ) Franklin D. Roosevelt
18. "The Scarlet Letter"	( ) Theodore Roosevelt
19. "The Sketch Book"	( ) Zachary Taylor
20. "Walden"	( ) Woodrow Wilson

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The Measurement of an Era

***"The Energies of Art," by Jacques Barzun** (Harper. 355 pp. $5), is a collection of critical essays, all of which deal in some way with the problem of perceiving one's own age. Leon Edel, author of "Henry James: The Untried Years," is our reviewer.*

By Leon Edel

"WHO are *we* in the stream of time and Western thought?" asks Jacques Barzun in the course of his meditative introduction to his volume of critical essays, "The Energies of Art." And the question is framed by the epigraph from Gautier which he places in front of the book: "One can go through one's age without seeing it. . . ." Mr. Barzun believes that it is the critic who can provide perception; indeed that criticism is a high and vigorous battle for culture and for civilization, a way to open people's eyes everywhere, and a battle to be fought without compromise and without cant. That he lives up to this code with intellectual suavity and forceful lucidity Mr. Barzun's readers will soon discover in the fourteen essays here assembled.

As a historian as well as an esthetician Mr. Barzun holds that an age is best seen through the works of the mind and the spirit which it creates. By this he does not mean the exploration of texts like the "new critics," in isolation from all else; for him there is indeed the text, but there is also and always the context. The critic's task is to take the measure of the energies art releases and to see their relation to energies released in other eras.

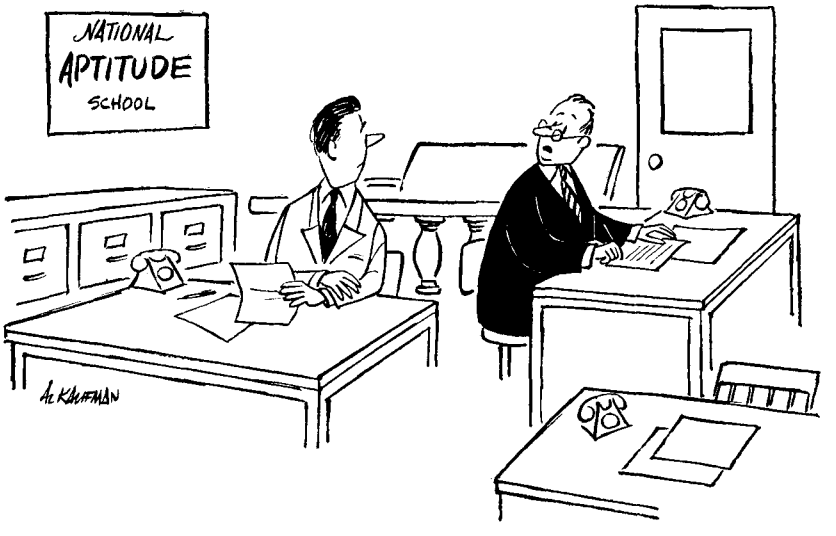
Mr. Barzun is convinced, in other words, that we, in the stream of time and of Western thought, take our intellectual being as the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the Romantics and the Reasoners, and that our "modernism" is a kind of coda to the "great movement in four parts which began a century and a half ago" —the parts being the Realism, Symbolism, Naturalism, and Modernism, which Romanticism engendered. And our coda, while finding beauties not seen before, "recapitulates . . . but it adds nothing new except its unmistakable sense of a full close."

This is the rationale for the particular selection Mr. Barzun has made among his various miscellaneous writings over two decades. Goethe and Byron, Swift and Stendhal pass in his procession before us as exemplars of romanticism or reason; or we travel, in an admirable essay, from Shaw to Rousseau, or watch the vicissitudes of Shakespeare's reputation in the romantic decades. Mr. Barzun is not averse to treating lesser figures also, as his essays on Theophile Gautier and Walter Bagehot show. And if he is not concerned with American romanticism, his twin papers on William and Henry James are apposite, for they deal with that certain blindness in human beings which prevent them, in Gautier's dictum, from seeing their age.

AT THE core of Barzun's volume is his concern with the misconceptions in recent criticism over the meaning of "Modernism." Here the critic turns autobiographer and makes us aware of the evolution of his personal critical energies. To have taken cubism with his baby's milk and listened to the Sacre du Printemps at five was indoctrination enough; and it enables Barzun to insist that the energies which exploded in the world of art after the First World War were already in operation before the war began. What the war did was to sap and wither some of these nascent forces and induce a negativism against which Barzun contends.

The striking paradox in this prewar and postwar art world which Barzun discusses resides in the fact that its two supreme artists, Joyce and Proust, were never affected by it; they had charted their course before the conflict and they continued above the melee and in spite of everything. Joyce was intent upon showing the relationship of the moment to eternity and Proust upon discovering that one can recover the moment only because art has preserved it. Joyce and Proust, in other words, possessed those prewar energies which so forcefully proclaimed our century, and they never lost them. It is they who expressed their age even when they disregarded it; and I find it difficult to see why Mr. Barzun lumps Joyce with those whose energies were sapped by a war and who then moved into a kind of mid-century twilight.

At the core of Mr. Barzun's complaint against the watered-down "Modernism" we must see his own unequivocally high standards. Indeed, art since the 1920s "tastes queasy" to him not only because it has been "premasticated" but because "from the start, almost sulkily, it seems to have prohibited itself grandeur of every kind—of style, of passion, of thought, of scale." But Mr. Barzun does not qualify for us what grandeur art might seek in a world no longer Byronic, with its old wide frontiers so well explored that much of it seems only too measurable and without challenge to the imagination. Nevertheless, for that very reason we must be grateful to Mr. Barzun for setting his sights and keeping the example of the old high grandeurs before us. And for his brave optimism. For he holds that the mass media are sweeping away the ruins of old art forms and creation will be possible anew.



"Say, I just tested myself and I find I'm not suited to give aptitude tests!"

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Flitting Insight

"Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow," by Aldous Huxley *(Harper. 301 pp. $4), is a collection of essays on a wide range of topics, from the problems of population to the cult of motherhood.*

By Robert Bierstedt

IN ONE of the essays in his book "Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow" Aldous Huxley is perusing the index at the end of the sixth volume of Toynbee's "A Study of History." He discovers five references to Popilius Laenas and two to Porphyry of Batamaea. Between them, however, in spite of Toynbee's concern for "the stimulus of pressures," there is no entry for Population. Similarly, between Muhammad Falak-al Din and Gaius Fannius there is only a blank space where Famine should be. And, although Agis IV receives forty-seven mentions and Agrigentum two, the word Agriculture is conspicuous by its absence. The index disturbs Mr. Huxley because population, famine, and agriculture are keys to history and no historian who ignores them can hope to understand the past or comprehend the present.

The problem of population is one of the few recurring themes in the seventeen essays which comprise Mr. Huxley's book. He returns to it again in a piece entitled "Hyperion to a Satyr," in which he discourses in general on the metaphysics of dirt and in particular on the activated sludge plant which takes care of the sewage of the city of Los Angeles. In an appendix, an untitled essay, he writes on male continence and contraception and sensibly maintains that those who oppose the latter are contributing to a "massive increase in the sum of human misery" and, almost without question, to the triumph of Communism.

The demographic facts of life, however, by no means exhaust the subjects which attract the author's ranging attention. In another essay he comes across a Latin-French dictionary which once belonged to a sixteen-year-old boy named Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec. The "doodles" in the dictionary permit him to reflect upon the career of the painter, in the course of which he has occasion to comment on the decline of the horse, the nature of a fact, the principles of Chinese painting, falconry, and our current obsession (absent in Lautrec) with the female bosom. Another essay treats the Renaissance madrigals of Carlo Gesualdo and arrives at the conclusion that there is no very clear relationship between an artist's creation and his personal behavior. The Mormon Temple in Salt Lake City, "this vast essay in eccentric dreariness," stimulates him to generalize about the connection between artistic taste and religious faith (a tenuous one), about the lack of parallelism in different forms of art, and about such fifteenth- and sixteenth-century musicians as Dunstable, Dufay, Ockeghem, Josquin, Lassus, Palestrina, and Victoria.

In still another essay, entitled simply "Mother," Huxley finds himself examining an immense rack of maternal greeting cards in "the World's Largest Drug Store," and marveling at the manner in which religious tradition, bad poetry, and family affection are put to commercial use. "In the paradise of commercialized maternity," he notes, "no Freudian reptile has ever reared its ugly head," and he laments too that this fifty-four-foot rack is all that remains of "the Cult of the Great Mother, the oldest and, in many ways, the profoundest of all religions."

Huxley does not neglect to touch on the psychic issues which have intrigued him in recent years. In "The Education of an Amphibian," for example, meaning the self and the several universes it inhabits, he seeks the "virginity of mind," the "not-mind capable of non-verbally not-thinking in response to immediate experience."

If these summary observations suggest that the essays in this book treat of disparate subjects in a somewhat disorganized fashion the suggestion is intentional. The author flits from one theme to another as his fancy dictates and the result, while not without merit in a mind as powerful as Huxley's, is not altogether satisfactory. His insights remain, but they are a little tired now and have lost the spark which crackled so often in his earlier works. His views on education, on art, and on language are as sound as ever, but the essays as a whole have little unity and less coherence.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 16, 11, 5, 14, 17, 9, 6, 15, 1, 13, 8, 2, 7, 19, 20, 3, 4, 18, 10. The authors (based on Column One) are: Lew Wallace, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Margaret Miller, Theodore Roosevelt, John Habberton, Paul Leicester Ford, Louisa May Alcott, Herman Melville, Booth Tarkington, Mark Twain, Henry James, Pearl S. Buck, Louis Bromfield, Eugene O'Neill, Fenimore Cooper, Herman Wouk, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Washington Irving, Henry David Thoreau.

—Ralph Steiner.

Aldous Huxley—"his insights remain."

Living Philosophy

"Being and Nothing," by Jean-Paul Sartre *(translated by Hazel E. Barnes. Philosophical Library. 638 pp. $10), is an inquiry into the nature of man and his ways by the leading exponent of French Existentialism. John Wild of Harvard, author of "The Challenge of Existentialism," reviews it.*

By John Wild

IN THE ANGLO-SAXON countries academic philosophy is no longer adequately performing those difficult functions of clarification and synthesis which it has often performed in past ages, and is once again beginning to perform in other living cultures. Every actual phenomenon, we hear, belongs to the province of some science. Hence there is nothing really left for philosophers to think about except perhaps certain problems of language and logic. Any sound objective knowledge about man will be attained, if at all, by psychology, physiology, sociology, and other human sciences.

Our schools of so-called "analysis" are distrustful of any overarching metaphysics and restrict themselves to the treatment of isolated problems one by one. Contemporary naturalists are often more daring in re-elaborating with new vocabularies the formulas of an ancient materialism supposed to be in harmony with the spirit of science. New verbiage, new languages are everywhere. New ideas are lacking. Common men as well as artists of the past have been helped by philosophy to gain a clearer understanding of their own historic situation and of new worlds beginning

(*Continued on page 44*)

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Cecil B. DeMille

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The Faceless Duchess

"The Heart Has Its Reasons," by the Duchess of Windsor *(McKay. 359 pp. $5), is the memoir of the former Miss Wallis Warfield of Baltimore, Maryland.*

By Allen Churchill

THE abdication of King Edward VIII for his American love, Wallis Warfield Simpson, is still one of the great stories of our time. Though a world war stands between it and the present, the heart throbs attendant upon the King's romance are so vibrant that it will remain alive in years to come, until finally it achieves a proper place as one of the great romances of history. But what help future historians will get from what should be a definitive source, "The Heart Has Its Reasons," the autobiography of the Duchess of Windsor, is an interesting question. For though her book contains sufficient factual information to hold the attention of most readers, it still must be labeled an extreme disappointment.

In the course of a pre-publication hassle the Duchess was accused of attempting to make herself Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. At the time this seemed an appalling prospect, but it now transpires that Rebecca would have been an improvement over what the Duchess actually has done. In offering her memoirs she has made herself a faceless, emotionless, personality-less woman, who remembers almost everything that went on around her, but nothing about herself. On one page she reports her mother as saying that she had put "too much of the heart . . . and not enough of the head" in her daughter Wallis. This can only strike readers as one of the mistaken judgments of all time. If the Duchess of Windsor has too much heart she has labored valiantly to hide the fact from readers of "The Heart Has Its Reasons."

The same can also be said—without wishing to seem too harsh—of her mind. Those who have been privileged to observe the lady in action are aware that she possesses considerable force as a personality and that she talks at great length. But almost nowhere in these pages is there the slightest indication of what she might be talking about, or that her forceful personality exists.

Indeed, the Wallis Windsor presented here is a vacuum around whom things happen without cooperation on her part. Only in her first marriage to the dashing airman, Earl Spencer, does a trace of emotion show through. But Spencer used to lock her in the bathroom while he went on drinking sprees. No one could come through such experiences cool and emotionally untouched.

Her second husband, Ernest Simpson, was much different. An American-turned-English, he was once aroused in a foreign hotel by cries of "Fire." After escorting Wallis to the door he returned to attire himself, complete to bowler hat. Mrs. Simpson admired the correct figure of her husband, but any deeper feelings toward him are hidden behind explanations of how she supervised the shopping and ran the house. When her great moment arrives and the Prince of Wales begins showing interest in her Mr. Simpson discreetly discovers that he must work nights. But in detailing her own feelings Mrs. Simpson only accentuates the negative. She is merely a passive pawn who has had the good fortune to attract royalty.

In picturing herself this way the author does little to present the then Prince of Wales in a flattering light. Not only does he enter a man's house and steal his wife, but he is the ridiculous figure who falls hopelessly in love with a woman who hardly lifts a finger to respond. In yet other ways the Duchess is unflattering to the man who renounced a throne for her. She refers to him as Peter Pan, and pictures him boyishly working at needlepoint, enthusiastically gardening at Fort Belvedere, in various moments of extreme stubbornness, and in other scenes which stress the immature side of his nature. Nowhere does she strive to make him seem mature. In fact, in revealing how the Prince first became aware of her, she again emphasizes the childish side of his nature. She initially caught his interest by what in a child would be called impudence or freshness. That is, she made answers to his small talk which only an American at court could get away with. But she did not truly score until the evening she inquired how he liked the work involved in being a Prince. He looked at her with enormous gratitude. "You are the only woman who has ever been interested in my job," he replied.

—*From the book.*

Wallis Warfield—"'inhuman sophistication'."

IN THE 350 pages of her memoirs the Duchess reports all this matter-of-factly, with an almost total recall for names, nicknames, places, and events. This makes the book read as if a stranger had entered a room, sat down in a chair, and in a monotone, but in such surface details that it could not help be interesting, told a life story. Like all persons who talk at length the Duchess makes some unconscious revelations about herself. Her attitude toward royalty resembles Scott Fitzgerald's toward the wealthy. Such people are far different from the rest of us, she states, and the implication is that she fell in love with the life led by royalty long before she fell in love with David.

Other revelations are few. She once wrote Queen Mary, but received no answer. She first met the Prince (he has forgotten) when she and her second husband chaperoned a house party. Her insistence on including nicknames like "Fruity" and "Boots" make some sections sound like a parody of Evelyn Waugh. It is also interesting to note that she did not become fashion-conscious until she was a Duchess. But anyone curious about the inner Duchess will find no real answers here. Perhaps one must go to another source to find a clue. One of her Baltimore schoolmates has been quoted as saying that as a child Wallis possessed an "inhuman sophistication." By the testimony of these pages she possesses it still.

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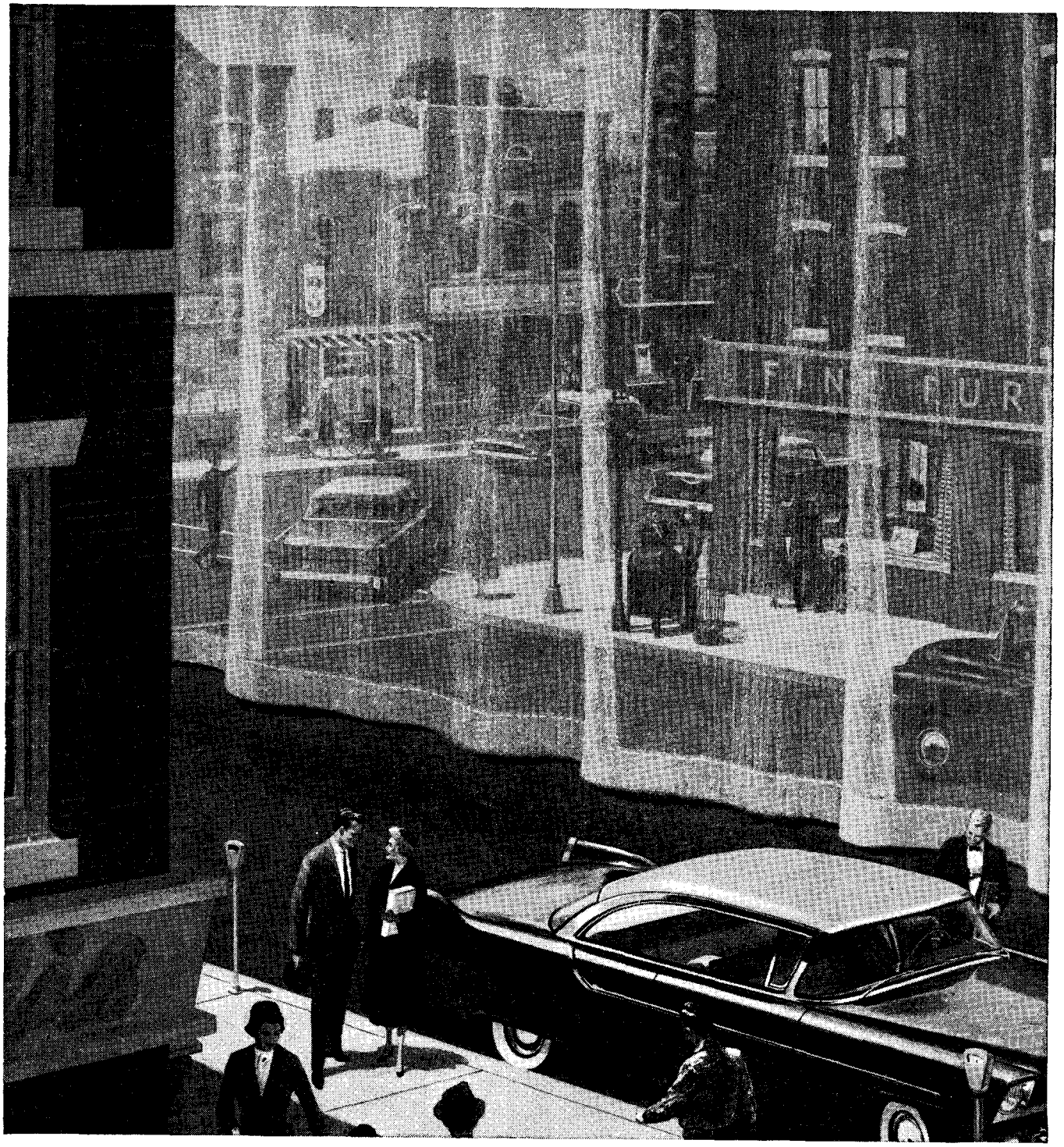

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Fabulous Family

***"The Early Churchills," by A. L. Rowse** (Harper. 378 pp. $6.50), is the story of the first generations of the great English family that produced Sir Winston, with special attention paid to the eighteenth-century Duke of Marlborough and his wife. Louis B. Wright of the Folger Library is our reviewer.*

By Louis B. Wright

SINCE the first Winston Churchill rode off to war in the service of King Charles I few families in England have been so intimately concerned with the affairs of their country. From Winston Churchill of the 1640s to Sir Winston Churchill of our time Churchills have played a part in English politics, sometimes a decisive part. The rise of the Churchill family to political influence and power is the theme of A. L. Rowse's book "The Early Churchills: An English Family," and he tells the story with verve and spirit.

From the moment when Mr. Rowse discovers the first Churchills in the West Country—Dorset, Devon, and Somerset—until he relates the death of that formidable woman, Sarah Churchill, Duchess of Marlborough, his narrative never flags. The grand climax of fame in the present leader of the family is never far from the author's consciousness, and he reminds the reader so often of the parallels between past and present greatness that one is left wondering whether the book was written primarily as a study of the early Churchills or as an extended compliment to Sir Winston. Be that as it may, the book is an entertaining and diverting piece of historical writing.

The Churchills of the seventeenth century were a prudent and ambitious family, with one eye on the main chance. Winston Churchill, the Cavalier officer, contrived to hedge his future by marrying Elizabeth Drake, daughter of a substantial family on the Parliamentary side. The children of that union did well. John became the famous Duke of Marlborough; George became an admiral; Charles, a general; and Arabella, the mistress of James II and the mother of that Duke of Berwick who fought so ably for the French against his uncle the Duke of Marlborough. The father of this brood had received his knighthood at the

—*By Sir Godrey Kneller, from the book.*

First Duke of Marlborough as Victor.

hands of King Charles II in 1664 and henceforth trod a wary path through the political jungle of the Restoration Court, holding small posts and serving as a member of Parliament. Whatever the political weather, the Churchills usually managed to take cover in time and to survive the storms that destroyed less resilient and adaptable folk. Some of Mr. Rowse's most telling pages are the vivid but succinct accounts of life at the courts of Charles II and James II when the Churchills were laying the foundations of their family dynasty. If her father did not approve of Arabella's role as mistress to James II, he did not neglect any opportunity that her influence might give him at court.

THE core of this book deals with the rise of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and Sarah Jennings, his wife. Sarah became the intimate friend of Princess Anne, later Queen Anne, and until her imperious ways and bad judgment made Queen Anne throw her over she was the most powerful influence in the Queen's court. She used that influence to advance her husband's interests and to feather the nests of all her kin and connection. John Churchill became the first soldier of Europe, the hero of Blenheim, Ramillies, and Oudenarde, and the victor over Louis XIV in ten campaigns. A grateful nation made him rich and built that incredible house, Blenheim at Woodstock as a token of its appreciation.

One of Mr. Rowse's best chapters concerns the building of Blenheim, the baroque masterpiece of Sir John Vanbrugh. Sarah hated both Blenheim and its architect, with whom she quarreled incessantly. Her taste ran to simpler and more utilitarian structures. But because her husband wanted it finished, she pushed the building to completion and then refused to let Sir John so much as set foot within the precincts. He had to content himself with such views as he could get from over the walls. Mr. Rowse's infatuation with the Churchills and all their works makes him embrace even Blenheim as a consummate work of art. In defending the Marlboroughs' acquisitiveness and the extravagance of that enormous house Mr. Rowse remarks: "Consider what the nation gained by it in gaining Blenheim!"

IN Mr. Rowse's treatment, the hero of this book is the Duke of Marlborough. and, off-stage as it were, the present Sir Winston. The villain, if it has one, is Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. The Duke can do no wrong; the Duchess is invariably at odds with everybody, sometimes to the exhaustion of that patient and devoted man her husband. But even though Mr. Rowse detests the Duchess, her mind and personality fascinate him, as Satan fascinated Milton, and he provides a memorable portrait of this extraordinary woman who lived to be eighty-five and quarreled joyously with most who knew her, both kin and strangers, until her dying day.

The Civil Wars, the Restoration, the Glorious Revolution of 1688, the reign of William and Mary, the age of Queen Anne, these are the years covered in "The Early Churchills," years in which the political issues and alignments were extremely complex and difficult to untangle. In this volume the general reader can follow the main trends without confusion. This is not a book for the specialist, who will complain that the author has oversimplified in too many places, but it provides a valuable insight for the non-specialist who is not concerned with the intricacies of politics and does not ask for meticulous exactness in every detail. This is also one of the best written of Mr. Rowse's books. He has judiciously pruned his adjectives and reduced his exclamations to something approaching austerity. The reader will approve. Mr. Rowse has shown excellent judgment in the selection of a large number of quotations from contemporary documents that give color and life to his story. Few books dealing with this period contain so much material of compelling interest.

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Fabian Foresight

"Beatrice Webb's Diaries: 1924-1932," edited by Margaret Cole *(Longmans, Green. 327 pp. $6), offers the highly personal impressions of one of the foremost British socialists of England during the first Labour Government and the General Strike.*

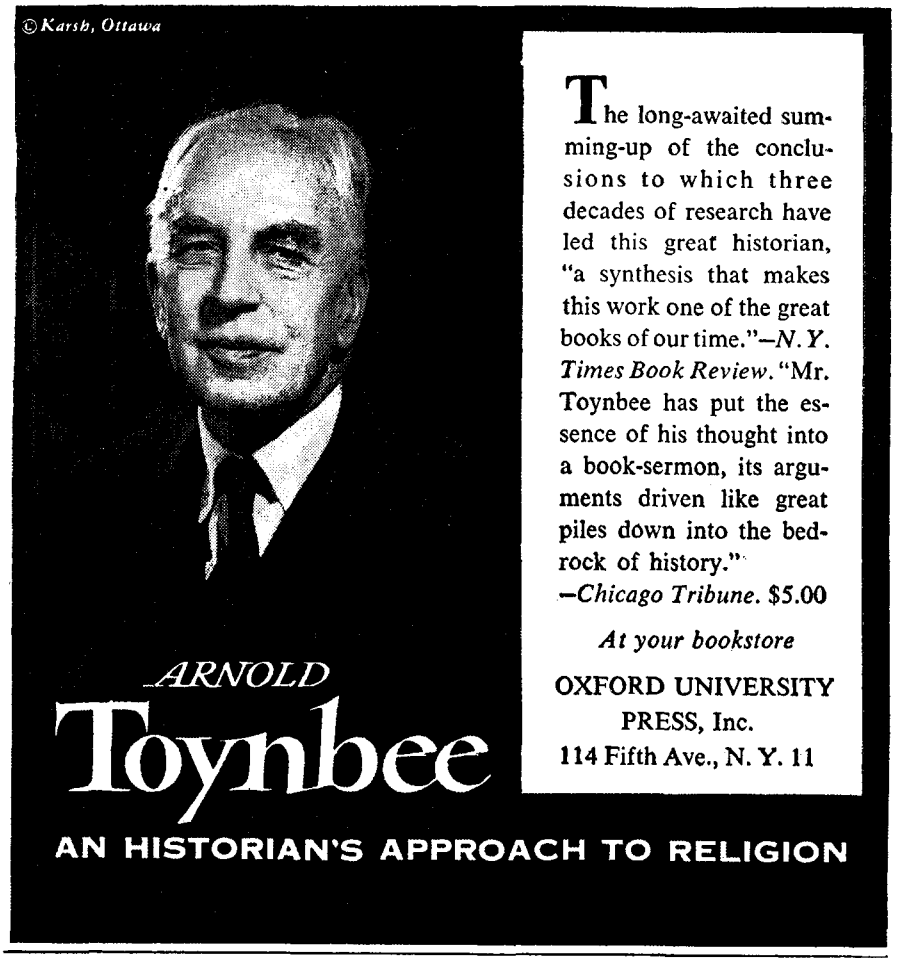
By Ernestine Evans

TO THOSE who have read the first three volumes of Beatrice Webb's unique memoir ("My Apprenticeship," "Our Partnership," and the volume of diaries 1912-1924), and who are familiar with Webb researches and Government papers on the Poor Law, the history of trade unionism, roads, and education, "Beatrice Webb's Diaries 1924-1932" is a grandiose refresher course, pre-New Deal, in how to get on with finding out what's good for the most.

Sidney and Beatrice Webb working together in the cooperation of a happy marriage seen close up, and looking out and beyond to the world—their flat in London, their country retreat Passfield Corner, in Sidney's constituency of Seaham Harbour, in hungry Wales, on voyages around the world, preparing for their last excursion to the USSR—present behind-the-scenes pictures of the public and private life of an era.

This very personal diary reviews the first Labour Government, the General Strike, the miners' strike, the illusions and disillusions, the tastes and distastes of a singular observer on the contretemps of new-found power. Mrs. Webb's foresight about mass communication and the social and political changes implicit in radio are acute. Music and presentation of political and cultural national treasure distributed firmly without commercial bias become one of the resources of her old age. All through the book the universal problem of old age—not merely her own, but the problem of comfort, of status, of responsibility, indeed of the organization of society to face the facts of safe childhood and comfortable old age—arouses her. She admits she does not care for people. She is never folksy and she will not pander. High society affronts her, but she has a wonderful and critical eye for society occasions and a positive hatred for climbers. Her own intellectual snobbism is an aristocratic trait. She is deeply religious in her passionate acceptance of duty toward the common people, and keenly aware of "the break-up of the Christian

(*Continued on page 45*)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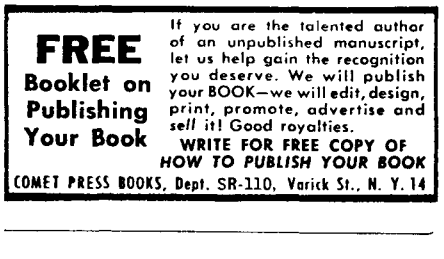
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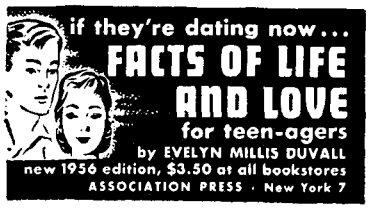
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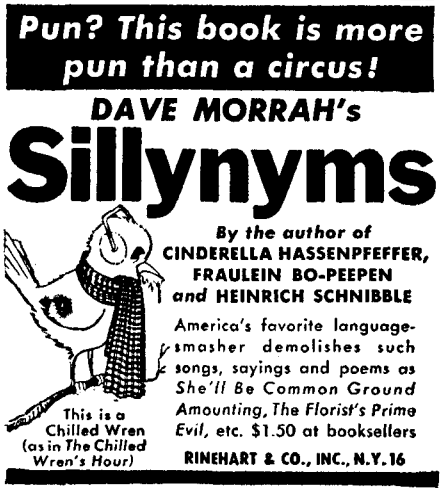
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Mr. Bunyan's Man of Truth

"Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work, and Friends," by St. John Ervine *(Morrow. 628 pp. $7.50), is an opinionated and critical biography by a longtime friend. Professor Carlos Baker of Princeton reviews it.*

By Carlos Baker

WHEN Mr. Valiant-for-Truth got his final summons in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" he called his friends round him and said: "Tho with great Difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the Trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him who shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it. My Marks and Scarrs I carry with me." At Shaw's cremation six years ago these words of an author he had long admired were read aloud while his marks and scars were undergoing the obliteration of fire. Nothing could have been more fitting as a final tribute to this latter-day Valiant-for-Truth.

Nothing, similarly, could more effectively commemorate the 100th anniversary of his birth than "Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work, and Friends," a big, characterful, opinionated, critical biography by his longtime friend and fellow-playwright, St. John Ervine. For it narrates in detail how Shaw got his scars during the ninety-four years of his earthly pilgrimage, how he wielded his double-edged sword of art and propaganda, what he did with his courage, which was indubitable, and his skill, which was greater than we yet realize, and with what awful difficulty he attained the status of world-figure.

It was not easy. "His gay courage and his fortitude in adversity," says his latest biographer, "have resulted in a widespread belief that he never felt despondent when times were hard and manuscripts unerringly returned." If Shaw had a watchword, it may well have been the sentence he applied to the hero of one of his early novels: "The power to stand alone is worth acquiring at the expense of much sorrowful solitude." From young manhood, indeed almost from childhood, Shaw stood remarkably alone where it most mattered. He was very far from being a recluse, since like any dramatist he had constantly to deal with large numbers of people. Yet in another sense he was always by himself: a recluse in the integrity of his own spirit.

Reading this frank but friendly book one is made newly aware that, far from being the Mephistophelean clown or charlatan he sometimes seemed to his enemies, Shaw was an authentic genius who raised himself by the double bootstraps of thought and will from meager beginnings back in Dublin at the period of the great famine. "Without art," Shaw once said, "the crudeness of reality would make the world unbearable."

The crudeness of the Dublin background was increased by a drunken father, a coldly unresponsive mother, and a household so ill-run that it made Shaw a lifelong enemy to all poverty, genteel or abject. "We children," he later wrote, "were abandoned entirely to servants who . . . were utterly unfit to be trusted with the charge of three cats, much less three children." Shaw's almost lifelong vegetarianism can be traced as much to the kitchen at 3 Upper Synge Street as to imitation of the poet Shelley; his abhorrence of drink to his father's perpetual muzziness; and very likely the warmth and kindliness of his nature, in part at least, to reaction against a cold, proud, hard-natured mother.

Leaving school early to work for a real-estate agent and afterwards a British telephone company, Shaw got free early from two of the entanglements—family and country—which would later rouse his fellow-countryman Joyce to fierce rebellion and voluntary exile. From the third entanglement, the Church, Shaw was free from birth, "a proud Irish Protestant, unwilling to be beholden to anybody but himself," as Ervine says, though he was enough of a Puritan never to be free of the driving force of his own moral conscience.

NEITHER conscience nor asceticism excluded Shaw from the society of attractive women, from Annie Besant to Ellen Terry, or from Jenny Patterson, who seduced him on his twenty-ninth birthday, to Charlotte Payne-Townshend, who married him when he was forty-two in a long, successful, and loving marriage which, by her wish, was never consummated. If he was often in and out of love, he had other preoccupations in plenty: the Zetetical and Fabian Societies, the Webbs and the Wellses, the Labour Party and Ibsenism, his criticism in all the arts, and above all his plays. These ranged in depth and substance from "Mrs. Warren's Profession" as far aloft as "Saint Joan." They shocked the public by habitual overstatement; they were banned, and thereby advertised, as Shaw's reputation spread. He kept saying with a wink and a twinkle that the truth is the one thing no one ever believes—and kept telling it valiantly from the solitude of his integrity.

So does Mr. Ervine in this immensely worthwhile book. Shaw is lucky to have a biographer as wise and kindly, acidulous and crotchety, realistic and witty as he was himself. Bunyan could well be proud of both.

"Hey—where'd that other bump on your head come from?"

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The Riddle of Sauk Center

The recollections of the first Mrs. Sinclair Lewis of her life with the Nobel Prize-winning novelist is offered in ***"With Love from Gracie," by Grace Hegger Lewis*** *(Harcourt, Brace. 335 pp. $5.75). Its publication provides an occasion for a new look at the man and his work.* SR's *president, Harrison Smith, who was a close friend of Lewis, gives the estimate of a contemporary in his review of the book below. Donald Barr of Columbia University's faculty examines man and work from the viewpoint of a member of a younger generation.*

By Harrison Smith

IN THE year 1912 Harry Sinclair Lewis, a gawky, red-headed man of twenty-seven from Sauk Center, Minn., met Grace Hegger, a young woman, blue-eyed and blonde, who was "almost born" on the steamer which brought her distinguished father and mother to New York. She had a job on the editorial staff of *Vogue*. Sinclair Lewis, only four years out of Yale, had worked for newspapers and magazines from San Francisco to New York and at that moment was an editor in a publishing house. In 1914, after he had sold short stories to *The Saturday Evening Post* and had published his first novel, dedicated to Grace Hegger, they were married. Whether it was for better or for worse, the readers of "With Love from Gracie," her revealing account of their life together, will have to decide for themselves.

"With Love from Gracie" begins with the sentences "Sinclair Lewis and I were never properly introduced. He picked me up in a freight elevator." Then Grace Lewis answers many of the questions that have perplexed American critics who have been examining the careers and dismal fate of some of our best known novelists of the Twenties and early Thirties. Sinclair Lewis's life during the years when he rapidly became America's most famous writer has never before been told in all its details. The critics have tried to take him to pieces to see what made him tick, or to discover why in all the long years of his increasingly tragic later life he never wrote a novel to compare with "Main Street," "Babbitt," "Arrowsmith," or Dodsworth."

Why, his critics have asked, was there a four-year gap between "Dodsworth," when he was at the height of his career, and "Ann Vickers"? Why did he fail to write the labor novel which was to be the climax of his career? There were several fair guesses to this last question, but there was no satisfactory explanation for

(*Continued on page* 48)

By Donald Barr

TO A GENERATION for whom Hemingway at fifty-nine is a patriarch and Faulkner at sixty a sage the long, vivacious figure of Sinclair Lewis is remote, and his best works endure not as satires but as records. But they will certainly endure. The first Mrs. Lewis, in this memoir of her wandering, heartbreaking life with (and without) him, says little explicitly about his novels; and an overemphasis on proper names and décor, together with a slight tendency to emotional chi-chi, suggests that she is not a critic by nature. But few books about authors shed so much light on the literary act and art.

The personal fact at the center of Mrs. Lewis's narrative—though one cannot be sure she sees it there—is that in her husband's mind caste and sex were curiously confounded. In this he was like a writer he admired and aped, H. G. Wells. Lewis was tall, carrot-topped, and homely; Yale had not made him less sensitive about coming from Sauk Center. Wells was high-voiced, short, and inclined to tub, and came from below-stairs. For each man the image of the gauche provincial outsider being accepted in polite society and the image of the clumsy male being accepted by the graceful, fastidious lady were the same fantasy. Such fantasies are tragically pretty. Actuality can never match them. The more Lewis got himself accepted in society and the more he satisfied his almost concupiscent love of fame and of things "furrin" the less glory and rest those satisfactions gave him and the more he needed to conquer women—especially as skin cancer ate at his face.

In his brilliant, unrequited early years poor Lewis had the sort of guilty imagination which could see that same fantasy also from the female side. In the 1919 romance "Free Air" Miss Claire Boltwood is a Brooklyn Heights lady "dainty of habit," and Milt Daggett is gay and worthy and

(*Continued on page* 48)

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The "Ablest" Al

The Smith family.

"The Happy Warrior," by Emily Smith Warner with Hawthorne Daniel *(Doubleday. 313 pp. $4.50), offers a daughter's recollections of Alfred E. Smith. Our reviewer is Lindsay Rogers, professor of government at Columbia University.*

By Lindsay Rogers

AFTER he had been elected Governor of New York four times—once when Calvin Coolidge was corralling the state's electoral votes—the political limelight on "Al" Smith was at its brightest. He was then the subject of two quite competent "campaign" biographies, one by the late Henry Moskowitz and the other by Henry F. Pringle. After his crushing defeat for the Presidency in 1928 Smith published a fragment of political autobiography, "Up to Now," but he has had no biographer who was able to make full use of his papers and who plumbed the recollections of those who knew him well, with most of those admiring him extravagantly.

Just before he died two years ago John W. Davis, who had had considerable experience of men in eminent place here and abroad, remarked that "Al" Smith was "the ablest public servant I have ever known." What led John Davis, who was not given to hyperbole, to say this?

"Al" Smith's daughter, Emily Warner, does not attempt to give the answer in "The Happy Warrior." Her biography, a warm, amusing chronicle (with some charming illustrations) is a filial tribute and does not recount much political history beyond the chronology that is necessary. Her subject is a father who happened to be in politics, rather than a Governor and a Presidential candidate (also a father) who could sway the electorate of New York to his way of thinking. Thanks to him we elect our governors in non-Presidential years. But this magician in the state could not make his tricks work when he went into the national arena.

Those who remember Al will read his daughter's story with nostalgic pleasure; younger generations to whom he is only a name should find it of interest and desire to know more of the most colorful political figure of the Twenties; and to the biographer who comes along to explain how a boy of the city streets with scant formal education became the ablest public servant John Davis had known, this unpretentious account of the "happy warrior" will be indispensable.

The source of that description the Roosevelt biographers rather gloss over. Mrs. Warner gives the details. The speech nominating Smith at the 1924 Democratic Convention was from the pen of Judge Joseph M. Proskauer, and the principal, if not the only, suggestion that the future President ventured to make was that poetry might not go down with the sweating delegates in the Madison Square Garden Convention; that he omit Wordsworth's lines

> Who is the Happy Warrior?
> Who is he
> That every man in arms should
> wish to be?

Had that been done the speech would never have become famous, and Franklin Roosevelt's real debut as a political orator would have not been so brilliant.

OF THE campaign of 1928 Mrs. Warner writes without bitterness. She tells of the "open letter" in *The Atlantic Monthly* that gave a hitherto obscure New York lawyer brief notoriety. One Charles C. Marshall asked whether a practising Catholic would not be bound by a higher loyalty to his Church than to his political conscience or his country. That question now seems more shocking than it did in a less tolerant age. According to Mrs. Warner's account, when Judge Proskauer was arguing that a reply was necessary, Governor Smith said: "Joe, to tell you the truth, I've read it and I don't know what the words mean. I've been a Catholic all my life—a devout Catholic, I believe—and I never heard of these encyclicals and papal bulls and books he wrote about." Smith may have said all this, but his first words to Proskauer were: "Joe, what the hell are enklicklicals?" The quotation of this remark might have been just as effective an answer to the Marshall special pleading as was the reply that Proskauer drafted with the assistance of able Catholic theologians and which Mrs. Warner prints in full.

She realizes, more clearly perhaps than her father did, that religion was not the decisive factor in that campaign. No Democrat could have won, and perhaps it is just as well that Smith did not. He would have met the increasing unemployment and sharp decline of business activity more resourcefully and more imaginatively than President Hoover did, but the bigoted opposition that had lost the election would have been irreconcilable. The "that man" of Franklin Roosevelt's second administration would have seemed a term of endearment in comparison with what would have been said of a victorious Al Smith. Yet if the timetable had been such that Al had been ending a spectacularly successful Governorship in 1932 instead of 1928 he could have been President. The Depression was then more important than Rum and Romanism. One remembers that it was on the American Presidency that Lord Bryce quoted Ecclesiastes: "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong . . . nor yet favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

On the rift between Smith and Roosevelt that followed the latter's election as Governor in 1928 Mrs. Warner writes more sensitively, and I should guess more accurately, than do the Roosevelt biographers. She quotes Robert Sherwood as saying that Roosevelt had "a capacity for vindictiveness." Smith had none, but in the sorrow of defeat he forgot Burke's maxim on which he had so often based his own political conduct: "Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom."

Mrs. Warner says that "where Father is concerned I cannot hope to be either analytical or objective. His virtues are not for me to measure. His faults—for, being human, he must have had them—I never was able to see." "Paint me with the warts and all," Oliver Cromwell told the young Lely. Al Smith would have said the same thing, and his political warts and roughnesses helped to make him the able and colorful public servant that he was.

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Legends and Money

"Jesse H. Jones," by Bascom N. Timmons *(Holt. 416 pp. $6), details the career of the Texan who played a major role in the country's economy for many years. Our reviewer is William M. Freeman, who writes the advertising and marketing news column in* The New York Times.

By William M. Freeman

JESSE JONES had a pet pig. When he was nine his father sold the family farm in Tennessee and moved to Dallas. With the farm went the pig for an extra $4.25 paid directly to the youngster. It was more money than he had ever had before. But the sale, when Jesse realized he would no longer have his pet, meant more than the fortune it brought him. He resolved never again to sell anything he liked, and he set about the financial construction that was to be his lifework.

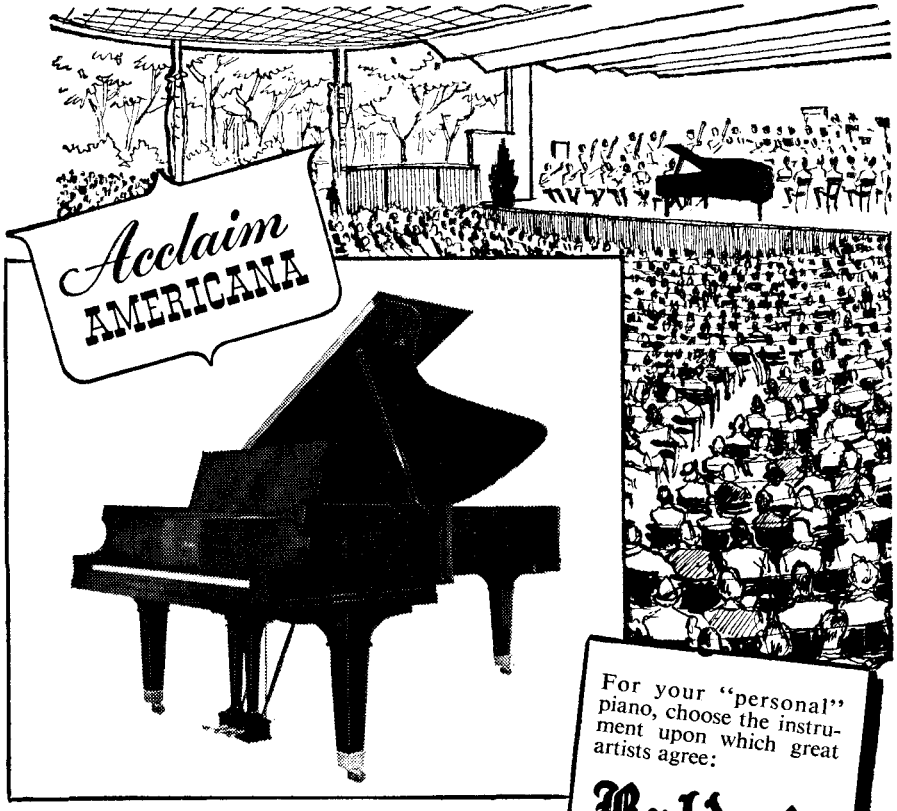
The incident, told by Bascom Timmons in a massive but eminently readable biography, motivated his entire life. As financier, publisher, Secretary of Commerce, and head of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation he built a great many legends. He also built a great fortune, estimated at over $250 million, and left many monuments.

Mr. Jones died in Houston last June 1, aged eighty-two and still active as publisher of his beloved *Chronicle*. It had been a full life. It is of course too early to assay his place in history and the measure of his influence on world leaders. Nor can his contribution to the winning of World War II be evaluated, nor his place in the Roosevelt Cabinet or his work supervising the lending of millions to assist the recovery of American business and industry from its illness.

However, Mr. Timmons, a Texas journalist with long service as a Washington correspondent and in Houston, has made such an evaluation possible for others, later, by a carefully detailed, patiently assembled, superb job of reporting in which his admiration for his subject is not concealed.

From young Jesse's early days, working at chopping weeds (50 cents a day), picking cotton ($1), managing two acres of tobacco ($120 for the crop), working at a lumber yard ($40 a month), until he left his post in Washington, honored and trusted by both sides in Congress and by Franklin D. Roosevelt, the story is a long one, touching many facets of the na-

(*Continued on page 47*)



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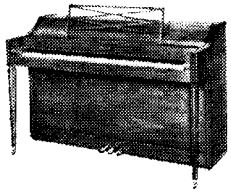

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Leinsdorf at City Center, Danes at the Met

THE happiest aspect of the City Center Opera's opening with Offenbach's "Orpheus in the Underworld" was Erich Leinsdorf's return to work in the pit, a place in New York's operatic affairs from which he has too long been absent. The flow of music in this score is at best intermittent (in this version more than less so) but Leinsdorf gave it every accelerating assistance. Life, animation (even when the trend was to sentiment), and good humor dominated the musical presentation.

But it was also Leinsdorf, as newly installed director of the City Center's opera activities, who has to answer for Eric Bentley's loose-jointed libretto. It is an inept, coarse, and decidedly unfunny adaptation of what may have originally been an equally inept and unfunny text by Hector Cremieux and Ludovic Halevy, but was certainly less coarse. Rather than following the prosy (if prosaic) pattern of the original, Bentley put himself out to produce a ceaseless volley of verse, much of it awkward. Where it was not "spoon" and "moon"-struck, it ran to "rosier" and "ambrosia," "garter" and "Sparta," not to mention "aldutr'y" and "sultry," "reputation" and "fornication," "boring" and "whoring."

The guiding conceit of the "Orphee aux Enfers" story is whimsically Gallic—namely, that mythology was all wrong, that Orpheus never pined for Eurydice, and that only external forces (such as public opinion) made him appeal to the gods for her return. This, obviously, calls for a bit of lightness and fantasy, not the bludgeoning, repetitious references to "bed," "the hay," or other euphemisms for sexual relations.

I pass over the lame topicalities (bop, high-fidelity, airplanes, and Rodgers and Hammerstein, among others) while noting that the new form made two acts of what had been successive scenes of one act in the original, and otherwise expanded an anecdote into an epic. Possibly a company of trained farceurs might have rendered the results with dash and distinction, but the embellishments weighed heavily on such promising but hardly adept people as Sylvia Stahlman (Eurydice), Jacquelynne Moody (Cupid), and Beverly Bower (Diana).

Jon Crain came and went as a tail-coated Orpheus, with Norman Kelly a Pluto strained by the demands on his limited voice. Paula Laurence as Miss Public Opinion (it is a male role in the original) and Hiram Sherman in a grotesquely overwritten part for Jupiter performed with the professional competence associated with their stage work. Neither, of course, is a singer.

As a demonstration of the new approach to staging in the City Center—projected scenery, plus a revolving stage and auxiliary ramps—"Orpheus" promised well, if only succeeding now and then. Best of the scenic illusions was the blue-violet suggestion of Olympus (Act II as presently staged). Leo Kerz, who devised these arrangements, has looked well at the problems of the City Center stage, and done more than a little to provide a suitable solution.

However, it would be a disservice to pretend that Leinsdorf has done his opportunity proud with this opening effort. Offenbach is a welcome guest at any operatic festivity, but the sharp point of such satirical references as the quotation of Gluck's "Che faro senza Eurydice" was blunted and bent by—what else?—Bentley. Rabeleisian humor is one thing: rabble-eisian laugh-getting another.

As utilized for "La Traviata," the first of the conventional operas in the season's sequence, the projected scenery and unit set made for a kind of opera-concert-in-costume. The rose-tinted (or was it camellia-colored?) projection for Act I was atmospheric, if with little suggestion of any specific locality. Joseph Rosenstock put forth a considerable effort to make the musical presentation sharp and incisive, but Frances Yeend, as Violetta, used more half voice than full, Barry Morell is still feeling his way as Alfredo (the vocal sound is a pleasant one), and the Father Germont of Cornell MacNeil is less than full-formed.

THE first full week of the Royal Danish Ballet brought forth, in addition to such characteristic lengthy works as "Napoli" and "Coppelia," a series of shorter ones: "Chopiniana," "Dream Pictures," "Wings of Cupid," and "La Sonnambula." The latter provided one of the most satisfactory experiences of the engagement, for reasons that are far from mysterious: it was created by George Balanchine under the title of "Night Shadows" (Danilova was the original interpreter) and it has a superior score drawn by Vittorio Rieti from work of Bellini.

The adaptability of the Danes to the Balanchine idiom (staged for them by John Taras) may not be complete, but it is sufficient to give one an idea of how good this company could be with such a choreographer of their own. Good-looking, spirited, and versatile, the ensemble assumed their character responsibililies with credit to provide a suitable frame for the specialties danced by Inge Sand and Fredbjorn Bjornsson (Golliwogs), Ole Fatum (Harlequin) and Elin Bauer, Elizabeth Enevoldsen, and Flemming Beck (Acrobats).

However, the main burden was borne by Margrethe Schanne as the Sonnambulist whose nocturnal ambulation eventually causes the death, at the hands of her jealous husband, of the susceptible poet (Henning Kronstam). The famous "sleepwalking" solo on point (several circuits of the large stage) was beautifully executed, and she showed the stuff of which real muscular control is made by carrying off the substantial Kronstam (who must outweigh her by fifty pounds) in her mourning arms. Mona Vangsaa was the *femme fatale* for the evening, with Borge Ralov as the husband. Here, too, the scenery and costuming were of the colorful, atmospheric sort which one had missed in the opening "Sylphide." Andre Delfau earns the credit for these.

Of the longer works "Coppelia" made itself particularly welcome for the *expertise* that comes from hundreds of performances of this version credited to Harald Lander and Niels Bjorn Larsen. It is both more graphic and less scintillating than some other versions seen here in recent years, but it has a charm of its own. Gratefully, too, the scenery and action "expanded" better on the stage of the Metropolitan than some of the company's other productions, so that all the values appreciated in various European showings were enhanced.

Swanilda is perhaps Inge Sand's best part, and she had a fine time with it at the first showing on Saturday night. Nevertheless, one could not help recalling the lightness and gaiety that Nadia Nerina brought to the same part in the Sadler's Wells version, or ignore Sand's teetering for balance at the end of her solos. In addition to Fredbjorn Bjornsson as Franz and Niels Bjorn Larsen as Coppelius, the honors belonged to the ensemble for wholehearted participation in the czardas, mazurka, and finale.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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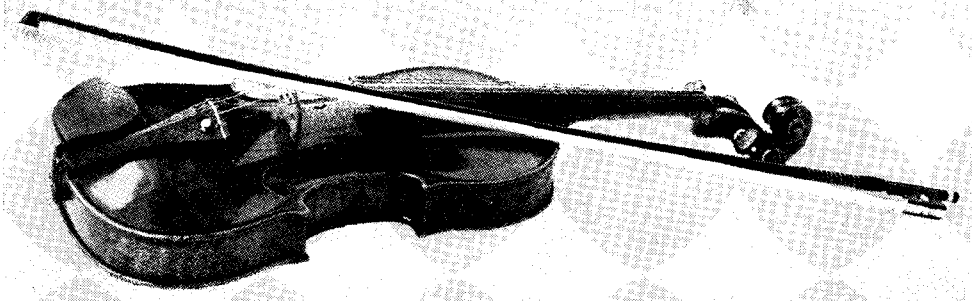

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Accent on Power

"The Power and the Prize," a movie produced for M-G-M by Nicholas Nayfack, has a contemporary flavor that not only seems rare—when compared with most current movies—but now and then downright startling. It is another in the "big business" cycle that began with "Executive Suite" and was carried on in "Patterns," and I'm all for carrying the cycle on, if only because these movies reveal some interesting and fresh dramatic possibilities. Like its two predecessors, "The Power and the Prize" concentrates on corporation executives, and the main struggle is again between an older, more-or-less unprincipled, and power-hungry executive and a younger man attempting to hang on to a few human values while swinging on his way through the corporate jungle. Robert Taylor plays the latter chap with a clean-cut modest air, and Burl Ives is the aging executive who eventually gives way to the man with principles.

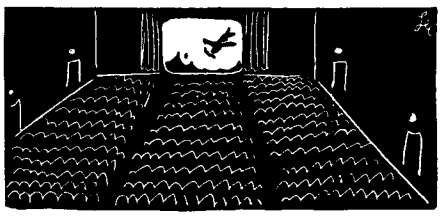
The high finance is, this time, on an international level, and involves some multi-million dollar development in Africa, and an Anglo-American business deal. My interest perked up considerably when Ives suddenly said to Taylor: "The British are a nation of swindlers. They invented swindling, made it socially acceptable." However, it turns out that the British representative is a really decent, lovely chap, with a fine sense of humor (Sir Cedric Hardwicke). If there's swindling to be done it's the Americans who will do it. I was again startled when Ives explained to Vice President Taylor that a huge firm called World Motors Company was in the habit of hiring detectives to check up on the wives and fiancees of all junior and senior executives, and it would therefore behoove Bob to pick a wife with extreme care.

This is exactly what he doesn't do when he makes a high level business trip to London and encounters a beautiful refugee pianist (Elizabeth Mueller). The young vice president learns the hard way about the problems of bringing a refugee fiancee into the country, especially one he hasn't investigated for possible Communist associations. Luckily, he has a friend in the State Department to speed things up for him, and there is more interesting dialogue when the friend lets him know that even red-blooded, politically spotless young businessmen must face up to a few restrictions here and there. While the movie does sag into moments of contrivance, and makes some obvious points about the corrupting nature of power for power's sake, it is much of the time literate and entertaining. Robert Ardrey, a playwright turned screenwriter, is responsible for the quality of the dialogue, and I suspect it might be worth Hollywood's while to keep him on the job. He's head and shoulders above the common, garden variety type of movie scenarist.

* * *

Some sharper script writing would have helped **"The Boss,"** a Frank and Walter Seltzer production that bases its story on a certain notorious Kansas politician, another power-obsessed man, according to this movie. Boss Brady (played by John Payne) inherits control of a Midwestern city political machine from his brother, and through control of rackets, tie-ups with gangsters, bribery, and pay-offs eventually controls the entire state. The movie is reminiscent of "The Great McGinty," but without its humor and satire, and after a few attempts at a convincing portrait of the man and his associates it settles down into some straight and routine gangster stuff. Any resemblance to Boss Pendergast would seem to be quite intentional, and a fellow who might very well be based on Harry Truman also pops in and out of the picture, for no apparent reason—unless it's to show that dirty politics can occasionally breed honest statesmen. At any rate, the Truman-like fellow makes a very Truman-like gesture with his hand as he notifies the Boss over the telephone that he can't do what he asks, because it would be unethical. He gets a clean bill of health, but the Boss gets the works. I'm afraid, however, that this study is far too lurid and sensational in its intent and treatment to be taken at all seriously.

—Hollis Alpert.



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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Edinburgh 1956

EDINBURGH.

"IT IS SPRING, moonless night in the small town, starless and bible-black, the cobblestreets silent and the hunched, courters'-and-rabbits' wood limping invisible down to the sloeblack, slow, black, crowblack, fishingboat-bobbing sea." What a shock it is to see a healthy, fair young man speaking the lines that I will forever associate with the late Dylan Thomas and the fevered first performance of "Under Milk Wood" at New York's 92nd Street YMHA three springs ago.

Now, here at Edinburgh, a cast of Welsh actors has made images of the liquid verse. Scenery has been kaleidoscoped into one stationary set. There are four curtained compartments in which the various specimens of Thomas's Llareggub menagerie exhibit their private domestic nightmares. A set of steps make do for gossiping, a bar for drink and talk, a tree-surrounded platform for love-making, and a boat in the orchestra pit does fine for Nogood Boyo to fish in.

Through this condensed town strolls the narrator, affectionately pointing out the various inhabitants and pausing while individuals or groups enact their brief scenes. Many of these are more effective now than they were when merely spoken three years ago. Indeed, because the visual presentation enhances the play's humor, "Under Milk Wood" now seems much more a comedy than it did originally.

The majority of the fun has the quality of good vignettes, but occasionally a scene gathers dramatic momentum. Best of these is the children's kissing game. Here physical suspense and excitement build up in a way they can do only on a living stage. Some events are most difficult to present onstage. What is a director going to do about Mae Rose Cottage "drawing circles of lipstick around her nipples," particularly in a country where a clergyman recently refused to meet the Queen because she had watched her husband play polo on Sunday? What directors Douglas Cleverdon and Edward Burnham do do is have the young actress demurely buttoning up her blouse ("Tea and Sympathy" in reverse) as she turns round to face the audience with "I'm a bad lot." And while Polly Garter's solos are lyrically effective, oh, how we long to see rather than just hear about her earthiness.

Dylan Thomas hated evasion, and under "Under Milk Wood" flowed a relentless, impassioned protest against genteel society and the denial of life's physical texture. He once told this writer that Polly Garter's line "I'll never have such loving again" was all wrong. "She wouldn't have used the word 'loving'," he said perturbedly, with a real wince at having denied his work every ounce of poet's truth.

The inevitable dilution of Thomas's rich images suggests that "Under Milk Wood" should be a documentary film, where each sequence can be polished to perfection and where the rhythm of the action can be controlled to make the whole business a visual as well as an auditory poem. But the play at Edinburgh can nevertheless be considered a remarkable success, not only in its comic effectiveness but in its more complete illumination of characters. Certainly this would have pleased the young poet who detested theatre that pretended to be poetic by being merely obscure.

THIS year's Festival also featured the Canadian Stratford Shakespeare Company. With "Henry V" the Canadian group showed a standard of technical production second to none in the theatre, a New World vigor, and in the person of twenty-six-year-old Christopher Plummer a potentially great actor. These virtues are pretty well offset by the relentless monotony of one thundering line after another. It is only very occasionally that director Michael Langham permits his star to soften into the kind of unsparing and unforgetable reality that graced Douglas Seale's Cambridge (Mass.) Drama Festival production earlier this summer.

Nevertheless, these few moments, plus an Olivier-like impatience with his lines, mark Mr. Plummer as the real dark-horse successor in the Olivier-and-Gielgud derby. The French Canadian segment of the company adds irony and a dimension of reality beyond the play's intent, although their accents conflict with Shakespeare's meter disastrously. Douglas Campbell's bullying Pistol contains a brilliantly staged maneuver whereby he manages to throw everyone else into battle while he marches off in the opposite direction without losing a step. —HENRY HEWES.

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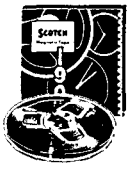

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Night of July 25

THE fateful night of July 25 when the motorship *Stockholm* and the *Andrea Doria* found each other in the trackless ocean off Nantucket Island has come to justice in Lower Manhattan. In the melancholy gray Federal Courthouse on Foley Square, where Frank Costello and Alger Hiss and the Rosenbergs were put to trial, the law came at last to the navigators and bound them in a welter of tape and terminology.

The gallery was divided into two banks of benches. Piero Calamai, the Italian master, and H. Gunnar Nordenson, the Swede, sat on opposite sides of the courtroom, like the patriarchs of two families at the death of the child of one. Calamai sat, his strong chin jutting forward, his back erect, his hands folded in his lap. He wore a brown shepherd's tartan suit, a white shirt, a foulard tie, and on his face the pale gray dust of fatigue. He looked away from the visitor's gaze as one whose privacy is being invaded at a time of personal tragedy. Two rows forward, in a seat on the opposite aisle, sat Nordenson. He wore his blue uniform, two strands of gold at the sleeve, and three rows of ribbons on the chest. He leaned slightly forward, the light reflecting on his bald head, the line under his sharp nose running in a straight line to the bottom of his chin, a tired eagle.

On the bench sat former Federal Judge Simon H. Rifkind, the first of four attorneys who have been appointed as special "masters" to hear the 1,000 claims which have been filed against both shipping lines, 600 against the Italians, 400 against the Swedes. In addition the Italian Line is suing the Swedish-American Line for $25,000,000 and the Swedes are countersuing for $2,000,000.

Both lines had agreed to produce for pre-trial hearings the masters, officers, and crew who performed functions relating to the collision and who may not later be available for testimony when the case is brought to trial. Charles S. Haight, the counsel for the Swedish line, produced Johan-Ernest Bogislaus August Carstens-Johansen, Third Mate of the *Stockholm*. Questions were translated for Mr. Carstens-Johansen into Swedish.

As he sat in the witness box his dark curly hair came down in a sharp widow's peak to his forehead. He wore a gold ring on his left hand, and the white cuffs of his shirt showed neatly at the sleeve of his blue dress uniform. Seated in the shadows alongside the judge's bench, Mr. Carstens-Johansen, twenty-six, was an inordinately handsome officer, possessed of a face from which the boyishness had only recently fled. Indeed, traces of it were still there.

He was born in Lund, a small manufacturing town in Southwest Sweden, in 1930 and was a boy of four when the *Morro Castle* burned and foundered off New Jersey. The son of a Lund physician, with an older sister and an older brother, who is now legal counsel to the Bishop of Linkoping, the Third Mate went to sea when he was sixteen, served on ten ships, planned mine-sweeping operations for the Swedish Navy, and holds master's papers. Two days before Christmas he married an Alsatian girl, Lileane Martel, who waits now at their home in Lund expecting her first child while her husband finds himself in strange straits in lower New York.

Through the gentle questioning of the direct examination Mr. Haight developed that Mr. Carstens-Johansen, as Third Mate, was standing the 8-to-12 watch the night of July 25. The captain had gone to his cabin, which was located under the wheelhouse, leaving orders that the *Stockholm* was to be kept a mile away from any other ship. Johansen said he first took radio bearings and echo-sounder bearings and found the ship was set "a little northward" because of the current. He changed a few degrees for the drift. Returning to the wheelhouse he looked in the radar and found a blip at a distance of twelve miles. When the image was at ten miles he took a bearing and found the other ship two degrees off the port side. It was about 11 o'clock. At six miles the bearing of the echo was at four degrees on the port bow. It was 11:05. He estimated the ship would pass at seven or eight-tenths of a mile to port, but he still couldn't see it.

Haight: At about what distance did you first see the other vessel's lights?

Johansen: 1.8, 1.9 miles.

Haight: About how did those lights bear on the *Stockholm*?

Johansen: They are shown on the port bow, about twenty degrees.

Haight: What lights did you see of the other vessel?

Johansen: Two masthead lights and a weak red light.

Haight: What orders did you give?

Johansen: Starboard, amidships, steady so.

Haight: Why did you order a change of course to starboard at this time?

Johansen: I had the captain's order not to let anybody come closer than one mile.

The *Stockholm* swung two points to the starboard, and Johansen took a look in the radar, then went out on the port wing of the bridge.

Haight: What did you see?

Johansen: All the lights on her side came up and a green light.

The lights he saw were the *Doria*'s starboard side, so he called for full astern and hard starboard. Then came the crash.

Up on the bench, Rifkind called a suspension for lunch.

AS THE afternoon wore on the sky outside turned a bright white. The wail of the wind out of the harbor was a cheap stage effect in the wings. In his dark corner, Johansen had grown flush. He was on his feet now going over his charts. He pulled a handkerchief from his side pocket, swabbed a brow, patted his mouth. Up on the bench Rifkind yawned and revealed his teeth. He slouched in his straight-back green leather chair until the top of his head barely came to the upholstered pad that was meant for a headrest. But his eyes behind the round outlines of his glasses seemed froglike and enormous.

Then Eugene Underwood took over the cross-examination for the Italian Line. He is bald, gray, and pasty. He stood four-square with one hand up under his coat, behind his back. "Is it correct that you did not sound any whistle signal before the collision? No fog signal? No passing signal? No signal to indicate a change of course? When you went to nautical school didn't they teach you the rules of the road?"

It went like that for the rest of the afternoon and all the next day. Here was the headmaster with an offending pupil at bay. "Were you interviewed for this job? Did anyone ask you about your previous experience? Did anyone ask you of your knowledge at sea? Did you ever stand watch by yourself before?" When there were translation difficulties Underwood called on his own interpreter who sat at the lawyer's bench by his side. "My watchdog," he called him. Haight had

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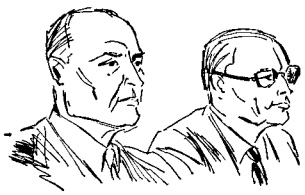
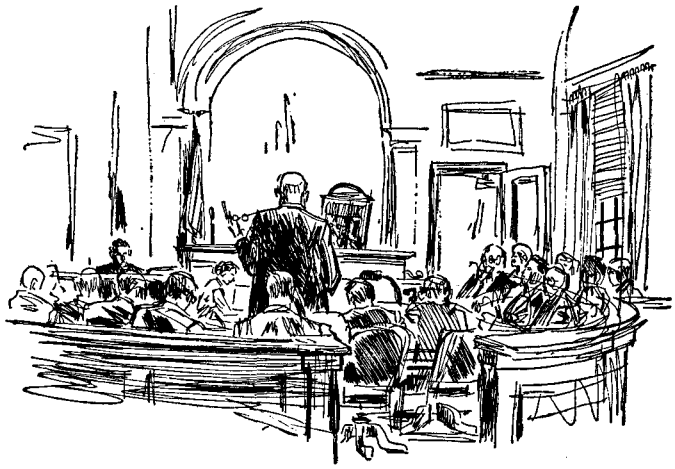


In the strange mix in the gallery Piero Calamai, master of the *Doria*, and Hilmer Lundbeck, head of the Swedish line, sat side by side.

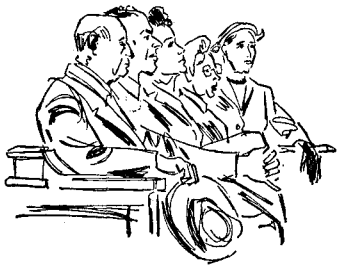
Third Mate Carstens-Johansen at twenty-six possessed of a face from which the boyishness had only recently fled.

"Up on the bench Rifkind yawned and revealed his teeth . . . his eyes seemed froglike and enormous."

Underwood cross-examining —"a headmaster with an offending pupil at bay."



In the "melancholy gray courthouse at Foley Square . . . the bell tolled . . . and the wind out of the harbor was a cheap stage effect in the wings. . . ."



Spectators—". . . where Costello, Hiss, and the Rosenbergs were put to trial the law came at last to the navigators."

—*Sketches for* SR *by B. Safran in the U.S. Court House, Foley Square, N. Y.*

a watchdog too. He called him, "My Swedish friend to the right."

The bell in a nearby tower tolled eleven, and the wind blew out of the harbor again, and moaned sadly against the panes. Johansen now was neither flushed nor composed. He was tired and somewhat blanched. "Have you ever been on the bridge in a fog? Alone? Has it been your experience that the master has always come to the bridge in a fog?" To this there was a thoughtful pause and then the answer. "With the masters I have been sailing with it has always been so."

Underwood failed to shake him on whether his automatic recorder was accurate or whether he steered by it. He steered with his helmsman, Johansen said, since the recorder was in the chart room and to see it he would have had to leave the bridge. Peter Larsen became his helmsman at 10:40, Johansen said, and had the wheel at the time of the collision. Johansen said he had to check Larsen quite often. Underwood leapt in. "Why?" he demanded. There was a hesitation. "Please, speak up!" Then came the answer. "He is more interested in surrounding things than he is in the compass."

Underwood had the meat in his mouth. He leaned over his table. "You mean," the lawyer said, "he's not a good wheelsman, don't you?" "He is when he wants to be." When the luncheon break came there was a clutter in front of the elevators. The Italian press in their short-jacket suits and their cuffless trousers gathered in a cluster, deciding where to eat lunch. "*Andiamo* Caruso," one said and they piled into an elevator. In the lobby downstairs the newsreel floodlights came on and Carstens-Johansen smiled the half-lit smile of one who is at once embarrassed and pleased. Soon the Third Mate had the door. In a cordon of Swedish line attorneys he walked down the stone stairs and crossed Foley Square. I watched them as they too disappeared into Caruso's, which is an Italian restaurant across the street. There would be other days and other innings, but today I wouldn't have thought Johan-Ernest Bogislaus August Carstens-Johansen would have had any stomach for spaghetti. —Horace Sutton.

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TV AND RADIO

Steve Allen—Late and Soon

STEVE ALLEN was caught breathing heavily one Sunday evening this summer during his weekly comedy show. He wore a bathrobe, too. I do not recall ever having seen NBC's horn-rimmed answer to CBS's Ed Sullivan wearing a bathrobe on the air and breathing heavily. I shudder to think of what may lie ahead this fall and winter. Television needs Steve Allen, but it needs him in repose. Only then can his mind play the tunes for which we have come to value him.

Between the hours of eleven p.m. and one a.m., Monday through Friday, Allen sits at a table or a piano and, like an Ivy League leprechaun, practises the lively art of easy nonsense. This slim, well-tailored image of a youthful college instructor is probably a compulsive reformer, as all good comedians are; so he even manages to get in a bit of late night uplift now and then. Clifton Fadiman was a recent guest on "Tonight," and the author-critic chatted about a new popular edition of "War and Peace," urging readers to approach Tolstoy's classic without "mental lockjaw." Such sober forays are excellent public service, but hardly Steve Allen. A serious young man in non-serious situations (which is Mr. Allen's stock in trade) is funny. The same serious young man in serious situations isn't as rewarding. Happily for stay-ups, this cerebral sprite is more often found twitting ponderosities in a quick, uninhibited, extempore manner than discussing Russian novels.

No one expects an Academy Award program at midnight; Allen can take the time to read (dead-pan) dull, earnest correspondence from Con Edison's public-relations man about holes in the city streets. The sly trick of being found still reading the letter after an extended commercial is a neat exercise in *reductio ad absurdum*. Mr. Allen has his little company of supporting artists but, unlike other comics on TV, he is never guilty of the crude, sophomore type of smoker horseplay—on his "Tonight" show, that is.

No press, no college try. But on NBC Sunday nights the high command is sending a man to do a boy's job. The man is Steve Allen, and the boy's job is bucking Ed Sullivan. For some quaint reason, the same comedian who has won his way to generous public favor with a pleasant, mature, artfully effortless personality and pace at eleven o'clock in the evening must be transformed into a gymnastic George M. Cohan when he faces the same audience three hours earlier. Ed Sullivan does the BIG show on TV—the BIG stars, the BIG names. NBC's reasoning, presumably, is that Steve Allen couldn't hope to compete by just being the "late" Steve Allen. He must become an "early" Steve Allen—plus stars, plus spectacular stunts. As, for example, the idiocy of switching—one Sunday—"live" from the studio in New York to the foot of Cable Car Hill in San Francisco, where a candy-striped, primitivistic jazz orchestra laid an egg before gawking bystanders. The distance in character between Steve Allen and this allegedly exciting novelty is greater than between Rockefeller Plaza and Top O' the Mark.

FORTUNATELY, the first Steve Allen is not easily disposed of. There were other moments that Sunday when Allen's customary amiable, satirical gift was in real form—when he poked fun at his NBC colleague Dave Garroway and "Wide, Wide World," the program that "switches live" all the time. And, like Fred Allen, this Allen enjoys frightening network vice presidents. Out of the "eye" of a prop hurricane appeared the CBS network eye. Amusing was the familiar bit in which Allen plays the piano, and the camera, instead of looking at his hands from a dozen dopey angles, picks up other absurd pantomimes around the show. Allen lost his breath after a sketch with Judy Holliday, in which they lampooned "Method" actors like Marlon Brando. This wasn't so funny, for both host and guest star worked too hard heaving, staggering, clutching, tearing shirts to shreds.

But that's the trouble with bucking Ed Sullivan. You have to have guest stars. And when you have guest stars you can't resist the temptation to "act," to be funny with them. Ed Sullivan is never tempted. Maybe that's why he's still around.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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THE FINE ARTS

English Contemporary Art

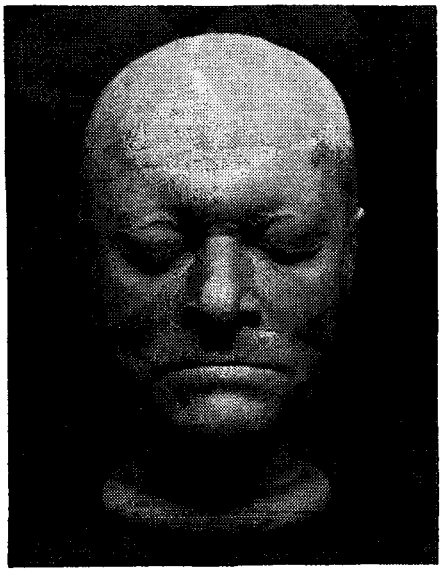
MY FIRST exposure to the British art scene this summer was at the Biennale Exposition in Venice, where Ivon Hitchens and Lynn Chadwick were given large shows and four young Englishmen—John Bratby, Derrick Graves, Edward Middleditch, and Jack Smith—had small groups of pictures in the British Pavilion. Hitchens is widely admired at home as one of the most forceful English painters of expressionist tendency; he doesn't transplant well, and seems minor in talent by international standards. The four younger men are realists, belonging in broad definition to the so-called "kitchen-sink school," meaning that their subject matter consists of commonplace objects and scenes which they try to intensify by rapt concentration and considerable technical gifts. None of them, I think, has been particularly successful at the task of refuting abstract art's present-day dominance, but their sincerity is evident and their young school will bear watching.

The Lynn Chadwick galleries at the British Pavilion were superb. Indeed, to the surprise of almost no one after the past six years, the English show was the best arranged of all the national entries. I don't know why the British rally so skilfully to these grand occasions, except that they have had the good judgment to entrust installation to the sensitive Lilian Somerville. In any case, Chadwick's beautiful galleries won him the prize for foreign sculpture. He deserved it. At the hodgepodge French Pavilion an older and greater sculptor—Alberto Giacometti—was shown. In terms of world fame and long achievement Giacometti, though he might well have been claimed by the Swiss for *their* pavilion, should have won the foreign sculpture prize hands down. But he was shown against a backdrop of Jacques Villon's paintings which, though admirable in themselves, were distracting in conjunction with Giacometti's sculptures. Moreover, the adjoining galleries were crammed with pictures by Bernard Buffet—a commercial flash-in-the-pan if I've ever seen one. The Giacometti show was sparse and casual, most of his best pieces being on loan to the museum in Berne at the time. The Chadwick selection, on the other hand, was thoughtful and representative.

I had admired Chadwick's work for some time and now, prompted by his show at Venice, drove out to see him at his farmhouse in Gloucestershire. The house is some miles from the village of Upper Cobberley, and is reached by jeep over rolling fields, with no road. A tall, vigorous man, Chadwick jumped in and out of the jeep with cowboy ease to open and close the many pasture gates. As we drove I asked him what he thought had started the astonishing revival of sculpture in postwar England. "Well, Henry Moore had broken the ice for us," he replied. "But some of us felt after the war that we had to *make* something and that painting was exhausted so far as this attempt to make something was concerned. Actually we didn't—at least I didn't—think of sculpture as such. We thought of construction, of building with our hands." That seemed to help explain why Chadwick and other English artists abandoned the traditional techniques of modeling and casting to weld unique pieces in iron and other materials, bringing to their task a thorough knowledge of metallurgy and the problems of the welder's torch and the forge. The question of cost must also have been important. Few of the younger men could afford expensive stone or bronze, so they set to work with materials more easily come by, as Gonzalez had done before them. From Chadwick's little farmhouse have emerged some of the most inspired sculptures (or constructions, if you like) of recent times.

I WENT, too, to see at Berkhamsted Chadwick's colleague, Reg Butler, generally conceded to be the leader of the newer British sculptors, though he is only one year older than Chadwick. (Both men were originally trained as architects.) In recent years Butler has turned away from iron welding and now has his pieces cast in shell bronze, becoming more and more preoccupied with the human figure, whereas his earlier pieces were non-representational except by allusion. Like Chadwick, Butler is highly intelligent, and his works are the product of long meditation and experiment which in no way dulls their sensitivity (see illustration). At the moment he was preparing for the foundry a small figure enclosed in a metal loop or cage. "The figure is the meat," he said half-jokingly. "The metal bands around it are the gravy." We walked out into the garden, where stood a new, large sculpture of a female figure with face upturned. "It's so difficult to get the expression of the face right," he said. "You must climb this ladder to see whether I've succeeded or not." I clambered up the ladder and peered at the face. This relatively inconspicuous detail seemed to me wonderfully modeled. I came away from Butler's house, as I had from Chadwick's, convinced that postwar British sculpture is a remarkable phenomenon.

Back in London the Tate Gallery was holding a large retrospective exhibition devoted to Wyndham Lewis and the Vorticist movement, which came into being just before World War I and was the first cohesive uprising of abstract art in England. The show was disappointing, primarily because so few Vorticist works by Lewis have survived, and also because his associates in the movement were of minor stature, with the exception of



William Blake's death mask.

Francis Bacon's Blake.

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Reg Butler's "Girl with a Vest."

the sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska, who died early in the war. Nevertheless, it was high time that the Tate or another public institution brought Lewis and his circle back into focus. At his rare, early best, Lewis was far from negligible as a painter; he remained a skilled draftsman until blindness put an end to his career. As a polemicist —and forty years ago England needed journalistic fireworks in its effort to throw off Victorian torpor in the fine arts—he remains practically unrivaled.

At the gallery of Gimpel Fils there was an interesting show of the leading British sculptors and painters of today, with whom were included foreign artists like Soulages, Riopelle, Hartung, and our own Sam Francis, now working in Paris. It was a lively show, and I was grateful for the chance to see works by two younger English artists whom I had known only by name—Donald Hamilton Fraser and Sandra Blow. Fraser's pictures were both personal and good, as though some of Turner's heady exuberance with color had passed on to this young abstract painter, still in his twenties. Sandra Blow, almost as young, had a lovely picture in the Gimpel show. It was entitled "Winter," as I remember it, and her elders like Chadwick told me they admired it greatly. In France this kind of praise from fellow artists is not necessarily meaningful, so deeply rooted is the crabgrass of rivalry. But in England painters and sculptors tend to talk pensively and fairly about each other. Perhaps this is a question of good manners. I doubt it. In London as almost nowhere else (certainly not in Paris or New York) there is a heartening atmosphere of common cause among the best artists.

As an example, Graham Sutherland, probably the most admired of middle-generation English painters, speaks enthusiastically of his younger rival, Francis Bacon. Both artists have added to their renown by recent pictures—Sutherland by a series of paintings of abstracted insect forms; Bacon by a group of four portraits done after William Blake's death mask in the National Portrait Gallery in London (see illustrations). Bacon's uncanny use of scumbling to suggest motion is hauntingly successful, and one can see where Blake's wrinkled brow gave him a point of departure. Sutherland and Bacon, Butler and Chadwick: with these four artists and others the contemporary British school has won deservedly an international esteem.

—James Thrall Soby.

Last Classic Scene

(The Road to Damascus in the Middle Distance)

By William Dickey

EVEN the poor vulture got tired of it at last.
He had eaten as much as he wanted to eat, and more;
Now he lay down sick to his stomach and heart. Before
He could stop himself he had vomited up the past.
All in a moment the sky turned overcast
With ominous cloud and an ascending roar
That frightened them to trembling. They were sure
To be done for. Forgiveness seized them. They kissed

And weeping watched in heaven the king over kings
Pick up one last bolt left him, aim, take pains—
Hurl it! It failed. Finally, once and forever
Free from that life-destroying frame of things
The vulture poised on the cliff, its wing a-quiver.
Repentantly, Prometheus broke the chains.

Ideas

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to loom up in their minds and hearts. Our present-day philosophy, however, is just another technology, resembling science in everything but subtance. It is too abstract to elicit any interest from the common man, and far too dull to attract the artist.

Jean-Paul Sartre's work "Being and Nothingness," now available in an accurate translation, will spur the efforts of all those who are attempting to revive philosophy and to bring it to bear on the actual problems of living men.

At an early stage in his career Sartre's mind was exposed to the thought of Husserl and Heidegger. They gave him a sense of the vast richness and complexity of the world of everyday experience, and more particularly of those basic data like being and awareness which pervade all the rest and which are not accessible to the quantitative methods of the special sciences. Unlike his teachers, however, Sartre has not been content with a mere description of structures which lie at the root of certain regions of being. He has leaped on where angels fear to tread, and has attempted to work out a full-fledged explanatory system. Certain phases of this system, such as his view of nature (the *en soi*) as an undifferentiated, changeless plenum, are open to serious question. But the reflective reader cannot fail to be impressed and stimulated by the striking vigor and originality of Sartre's thought, and the genuine insight which is often achieved. He constantly struggles to clarify his basic concepts and never merely repeats any statement without thoroughly making it his own. Whether one agrees or disagrees with the main conclusions, one has to admit that in its exhaustive scope and its self-critical power this is philosophy in the best classical sense of the term.

Most of the book is focused on human existence and its major modes. Psychology and the so-called social sciences follow an external and objective method in approaching man. They look at him from the outside, measure his reactions, and try to discover causal laws for his "behavior." This, of course must be done, and it is useful for many purposes. But Sartre agrees with Kant that such an approach must necessarily remain blind to the active center of human existence as lived from within. Like other existentialist thinkers, however, he denies that human reason is restricted to the *thing* categories

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of objective science and holds that this inner center of free existence is open to empirical description and analysis. This disciplined investigation of the hitherto unexplored regions of so-called "subjective," begun by Kierkegaard, is a radically new development of our times, and it is in this field that Sartre is at his best.

THERE are no accepted words for many of the lived phenomena which Sartre is describing. Hence he has had to invent a new terminology which somethimes makes heavy demands on the reader. But once we have met these demands, as we may with a little patience, the reward is great. One will not easily forget the analysis of lying and bad faith so strange to the American mind, the unveiling of self-conscious deliberation as a deception, the analysis of the serious man who thinks of himself as an object, and the famous account of skiing as a mode of possessiveness which immediately follows.

In this work Sartre has defended a more radical form of human freedom than any which has so far appeared in our intellectual history. Many readers will probably feel that this position is too one-sided and fails to do justice to natural obstacles and limitations. But whatever their views may be they can hardly fail to be impressed by Sartre's cogent argument that human consciousness is no objective *thing* with a fixed essence from which life develops, as a screen display is developed from a roll of film. One may be disappointed at the moral relativism which is so clearly underlined by the author. But man is condemned to freedom, and this freedom is precious and worthy of the sacrifices always necessary to maintain it. This also is clear. So Sartre's ethics when it finally appears may not be as relativistic as it now seems. In any case he has shed a genuine light on the problems of personal freedom and the kind of struggle that must now be carried on by lonely individuals if it is to survive here and there amongst the ever expanding apparatus of technology.

This is a work of genuine philosophic scope and depth by a living contemporary of the West. It will be of interest not only to the trained academic philosopher but also to the generally educated person because of its concrete style and its closeness to modern life. Because it reveals the problematic and unfinished character of man, and because it suggests bearable images of a world to come, it will also be of interest to the artist. Let us hope that it may portend a real revival of philosophy in the Western world.

Great Britain

Continued from page 31

Church in Great Britain. . . . The rotting away of this ancient structure, in spite of curious and contemptuous citizens, is ugly and distressing."

There is, even in the most joyous and excited parts of the book, an undercurrent of guilt at her own status as *rentier*. She seems to fear that her own comfort and advantages might play too much part in her role as Fabian willing to approach change with gradualism. She is always, or almost always, candid with herself, reluctant and angry when she sees emotional leaders using the trade unions or Labour Party masses to throw themselves into strikes they cannot win. She is angry at herself, too, when the Depression brings misery and the local governments cannot deal with unemployment, in spite of the alteration in the Poor Law which owed so much to the Webbs.

Perhaps the juiciest writing is in her gallery of portraits of old friends and fellow workers. Shaw, Wells, the Chamberlains (Joseph, Austin, and Neville), her nephew Sir Stafford Cripps, her brother-in-law Lord Parmoor, Susan Lawrence, Ellen Wilkinson, Margaret Bondfield, Lloyd George, Stanley Baldwin—all are sketched with fondness or annoyance. So few of the Socialists or the Liberals who moved over to the Labour Party when the Liberal Party faded, have left detailed recollections, and certainly none has commented upon or pricked with so keen a pen the personalities she worked with as has Mrs. Webb.

THROUGHOUT the eight years covered by these diaries Mrs. Webb writes with contempt and irritation of the Communists. She warms up only to the Sokolnikoffs who, although snubbed by the diplomatic set, were friendly and curious about England. They seem never to have known or mentioned that, while in their Siberian exile, Lenin and his wife had translated the Webbs' "History of Trade Unionism."

No one, incidentally, has written better of friendship. No one appreciates good men more. Her husband is one; Arthur Henderson is another. The Webbs' affection for Haldane, their appreciation of Arthur Balfour, shine in Beatrice Webb's pages. Her view of Churchill is less appreciative.

And to think (see the appendix which adds some material deleted from an earlier book) that Beatrice Potter might have married Joseph Chamberlain as his third wife! With homely, modest Sidney Webb she chose the better part and had a long and useful honeymoon.

The Webbs—"the life of an era."

HIGH LIFE BELOW-STAIRS: An interesting sidelight on some of the bygone splendors of the Edwardian era is provided by **"Of Carriages and Kings"** (Crowell, $4), a memoir written by John Frederick Gorst in collaboration with Beth Andrews. When the author was twelve, his father, a Liverpool baker, went bankrupt. Young Gorst got himself a job as counterboy in a public house (hours: 5 a.m. to 6 p.m.) at six shillings per week. He was rescued from this sinecure by the clergyman of his family's church, who had him posted as a page at a theological seminary. Gorst rose steadily in the hierarchy of domestic service until, a decade or so after he had begun his career by bringing the Reverend Beibetz his nightly pitcher of hot milk—he found himself "deftly" handing Edward VII a golden platter of Egyptian pheasant. Between these assignments, Gorst served in a number of magnificently eccentric Edwardian households which seem as distant from the world of today as a brougham is from an MG. He was junior footman at the manse of a country squire whose gout kept him irascible but not abstemious. He served the bachelor brothers Gladstone, nephews of William Ewart, who maintained two distinct establishments in one country house (one electrified, one gas-lit). He was first footman to a Lord and Lady Howard, whose relationship is straight out of Pinero. And as the climax of his career Gorst was engaged by the Duke of Portland, who did not find maintaining three houses and a staff of several hundred too much of a strain on his exchequer. Mr. Gorst's account of his rise to below-stairs aristocracy is unassuming and filled with the lore of a way of life that has long since yielded to progress and the income tax.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

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Fiction

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it can range from daily illiteracy to an unforced lyric beauty.

This passionate possession of American detail makes "The Field of Vision" repeatedly exciting, as it has Morris's earlier novels. Again, too, he uses the segmented structure of story-telling; we are passed back and forth among the characters, each "a circle overlapped by countless other circles." The levels of action are intricate. The "action" of the novel consists of a few hours watching bullfights in Mexico. The bulk of narrative is made, though, of the intertwined pasts of these people; incidents echo and re-echo in their minds and in Morris's theme.

That bullring circle and the failure or success of the heroic matadors make a symbolic image of the theme. For central to "The Field of Vision" is the exceptional man, Boyd: a hero in his youth, a ridiculous failure now, but he has influenced all the lives that touched his—given McKee and the others a difference. In tiny ways McKee emulates his friend. Mrs. McKee—one of Morris's chill women—has never gotten over the kiss Boyd gave her. McKee's children are his own but they look like Boyd. Yet more bizarre symbols of individuality are Paul Kahler, the man who has become a woman, and old Scanlon who dreams his father's memories of westward trek and frontier days. All this, then, a serious comedy of the impingement of lives, a drama of "seem" and "be," of the endless variants of reality. I'm afraid it is too fantastically and wilfully contrived to be as impressive in total as it is in a hundred moments. What Morris knows is surer than what he thinks. I would guess, however gratuitously, that what his comic-nostalgic vision wants is a little less smartness and a little more sadness.

YANKEE TOWN: For a long time many American writers have believed that the tight, white houses of New England are too sedate to be true, that the passions must be devilishly compressed within their walls. In an ambitious first novel, **"Peyton Place"** (Messner, $3.95), Grace Metalious shares this suspicion and does her best to justify it by uncovering horrors not just in one but in any number of families in a small northern New England town.

Very properly, the novel bears the name of the town, for the town is really her central study and Miss Metalious endows it with a kind of wilful power, as if it were another white whale. But what is a town, and if treated as a kind of character what characteristics can it demonstrate except sociological commonplaces? There is no story, and at the end one cannot say what the book is about. For excitement of motive Miss Metalious supplies us with continuous synthetic shocks by means of language and sexual incidents. We are given pages of descriptive psychology, yet not one of the many townspeople exists—certainly not Doctor Swain, so plainly meant to be sympathetic, or Lucas Cross, so brutally degenerate that he should be more than life-size. The truth is that in the belittling milieu of Peyton Place there is not one character large enough for a book. Throughout the novel there is a sluggish, tidal movement of incident and reaction driving the *personae* back and forth. A crisis must be contrived, and yet the resolution can come only to the lame moralistic conclusion: "Peyton Place is a town like any other town—it has its good and its bad."

—Mary Barrett.

THE GIRL WHO CAME TO DINNER: A certain insularity has caused many contemporary English novelists to portray American characters in a fashion calculated to draw howls from this side of the ocean. They might take a cue from the cosmopolitan experience of screen writer Lenore Coffee, and view Anglo-American relations in a different light. With a good deal of understanding she analyzes the contact of two American newspaper people with a variety of Britishers in her first novel, **"Another Time, Another Place"** (Crown, $3). Sara Scott went to London at the height of the Blitz as a columnist for *The New York Ledger*, and her short-planned stay of six weeks stretched into months when she was caught up in the drama of the times. In search of column-fodder she helped remove an unexploded bomb and met Mark Trevor, a radio broadcaster and former schoolmaster, who triggered her responses, leading to a lacerating love affair. We are told in retrospect that Sara is a brilliant newspaperwoman who made the change from hamburger relish to caviar by way of a newspaper column that came her way just as she hit financial rock-bottom. Though Sara had molded herself into a crystal-hard and elegant newspaperwoman, her basic female emotions assert themselves when she discovers that her lover already has a wife and son. Into this muddle steps Sara's American publisher, who tries to prove to her that she would be better off with a full-time husband, namely himself. Sara might have put off a final decision, but with the sudden death of Mark she must make peace with her conscience. By far the most intriguing part of the novel is Sara's ultimate encounter with Mark's widow and son, a delicately spun tale of tension and discovery that marks Miss Coffee's debut on the fiction scene as a definite success.

—Siegfried Mandel.

FOREIGN INTRIGUE: In Mary Borden's new novel **"The Hungry Leopard"** (Longmans, Green, $3.95) a tangled skein of human relationships is unraveled that involves Gilbert Dewhurst, handsome and rising English diplomat; Amanda, his young American wife; the Honorable Eloise Hunt, hard-riding and hard-loving daughter of a ducal house; and Alexis Bakony, dashing, masterful nobleman of Eastern Europe. The scene is London, with off-stage glimpses of Communist-dominated Eastern Europe, in which Bakony is waging hopeless underground warfare against his country's enemies. The time runs from 1937 to 1954. The story begins and ends with a suicide. And at the heart of the plot is an envelope full of letters. What do these letters contain? What will they reveal? And into whose hands do they finally fall? These are the questions that are designed to lure the reader on from page to page.

Miss Borden unravels her skein in the most ingenious manner, with a cleverness that threatens to defeat itself. Her method leads her, particularly in the earlier chapters, to make use of long expository speeches that are strongly reminiscent of the kind of talk that is the staple stuff of daytime radio serials; and occasionally her own narration is on a level with that of the average soap opera.

Yet as one looks back on "The Hungry Leopard" one realizes that the characters have been endowed with a certain semblance of reality, a certain substantiality, and that Miss Borden had a good story to tell. But one must dig for that story, not only through layers of mystification but through quite a bit of second-rate writing. Alfred Hitchcock could probably do well with it. Or perhaps he would make it even trickier.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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American Portraits

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tion's growth from Reconstruction Days and the Panic of 1873 to the uneasy near-peace that followed World War II.

The volume goes into the minutiae—much of it fascinating, as if Mr. Timmons was a worshipful Boswell, notebook in hand, as his subject spoke—on how Houston was built, of how Mr. Jones dreamed of a ten-story maximum for the city's skyline, modeled on the five stories of Paris but doubled for commercial reasons. With uncanny foresight, to be shown more fully years later in Washington, he built his foundations strong so more stories could be added later. One structure that began with eight stories in 1929 later grew to twenty-two stories. Others, built all at one time, towered even higher.

Mr. Jones's many interests in the building of Houston and of the Southwest were an overture to his great work in Washington in major posts of great responsibility. It began with the outbreak of war in April 1917, when President Wilson summoned him to the post of director-general of military relief in the American Red Cross.

In January 1932, at the behest of Speaker of the House Garner, he became a director of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

The RFC's story is well known and the part it played in shoring up a crumbling economy is a first-rate success story in the American tradition. Much of its wartime role has been told, but probably never so fully. In Mr. Jones's years at the helm the RFC committed $50 million with never a mink's worth of scandal, and it is noteworthy that the agency experienced its first real troubles when his steady hand was gone.

The book supplies much fascinating detail on the Jones-Roosevelt relationship—Mr. Timmons, who attended many a White House press conference, calls Mr. Roosevelt "one of the most disorderly administrators of all time"—and quotes the 1936 Washington witticism that "Roosevelt closed the banks but Jones opened them and kept them open."

Mr. Timmons has sketched with patience and understanding a man whose executive capacity had "great breadth as well as depth," and who was of immeasurable value to the nation in its great days, as friend and foe agreed.

Mr. Timmons's work is a major contribution to American history and biography and an impressive memorial to its subject.

These shoes belong to Marisa Borragine

They tell the story of her life. Eight years old, the eldest of four, she knows only suppressed hunger, cold and deprivation. She lives with her family in Carchitti, a depressed, God-forgotten area near Rome. Her parents, once full of high hopes for their children, cannot provide even the barest essentials. Unemployment is high and work sporadic for the father. The mother is ill. Bed is the floor where corn-husks are thrown at night. There is no table at which to eat . . . when there is food . . . and shelter may now be denied them for they are to be evicted for non-payment of rent. Marisa never owned a toy . . . she wants to sew, but there is nothing to sew . . . no thread, no needles, scissors or cloth. Poor beyond belief, with no hope in their hearts, they are torn with anguish for their children who live in deepest misery. Help to this family means hope instead of despair . . . a chance to live . . . a bulwark against negative indoctrination. Won't you help a child like Marisa and her weary parents? They can only look to you.

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Barr

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desperate but provincial; and while he caprioles through her defenses, then hangs back in self-doubt, and at last is almost led by the hand to his democratic triumph, we see with the girl much that is absurd about the boy. The 1920 masterpiece "Main Street" closes with the sensitive, defeated idealist Carol musing as she plumps her husband's pillow and turns down his sheets: "I may not have fought the good fight, but I have kept the faith." "Sure. You bet you have," yawns her husband. "Well, good night. Sort of feels to me like it might snow tomorrow."

Even where we do not see with the woman's eyes we see the male contrasted with female grace and delicacy. We first see "puffy" George F. Babbitt (1922) dreaming of a fairy girl "so slim, so white, so eager!" By 1925 we notice a defensive complication, a turn: "Martin Arrowsmith!" cries Madeline, who "believes herself" to be cultured, "if you think for one moment that I'm ever going to marry a vulgar, crude, selfish, microbe-grubbing smart aleck. . . ."

Even in "Elmer Gantry" (of which Mrs. Lewis tells us the first manuscript was full of "smirking" prurience) we still see the sullying grossness of the male philanderer redeemed a little and briefly by a sense of magic, and set off against the bright, cruel fineness of Sharon ("stately, slender and tall . . . her long slim face") and Hettie ("If a Marquis of the seventeenth century could have been turned into a girl . . . completely and ardently feminine, yet with the haughty head, the slim hooked nose . . ."). In 1927 Lewis was now wedded to his own philandering, and "Elmer Gantry" is a self-accusation.

In "Dodsworth" (1929) Fran, just out of finishing school in the East—"Golly, they say she speaks German and French and Italian and Woof-woof and all known languages,"—is "an angel of ice; slim, shining, ash blonde . . . a crystal candlestick of a girl amid black-and-white lumps of males . . . Fran Voelker seemed too fragile for his thick hands." But now the image is unfelt—set up only to be destroyed for Sam's glory and rest—and the book was Sinclair Lewis's last considerable work.

Mrs. Lewis is at pains to prove that she did not supply him with this image either of himself or of her. But at the very beginning of his courtship of this tall, slender, golden-haired girl who "spoke French before I did English because my first nurse was a Belgian and the cook usually was French, and at the convent I took German instead of sewing, so the atmosphere was European rather than American"—he sent her letters signed with flossy names warning against taking up with a socially inferior being; he wrote "Tennyson-and-water" verses in the characters of Jacques the Jester and François the Troubadour to "her whom he worshiped and served": "Princess, Princess, silver maiden . . ." He told a friend: "She's accustomed to elegance, and polite society, and when I'm with her I feel always that I'll do the wrong thing. . . ."

But "Red" Lewis needed certain reassurances. "He seemed unable to recognize that the sexual act was not important for him," says Mrs. Lewis; and with the reticences of a convent training, and with no religion to give her the baroque, reassuring sense that the Incarnation had blessed our flesh, she was, it seems, unable to reassure him in the only possible way that it was not. And the image grew. Sinclair Lewis's career as a first-rate novelist ended with his first marriage.

For the central literary fact about Sinclair Lewis is that he was a romancer. He was not like Dickens, who "purposely dwelt upon the romantic side of familiar things." Lewis dwelt upon the familiar side of romantic things. His novels impress us by their acute and faithful observation, their wonderful thickness of detail. But there is something else beneath. He seems to be a masterly realist: so perhaps he thought himself. He began each novel with a topic. He talked of working on an "American abroad" novel, a "Village Virus" novel, a labor novel (abortive). He studied his subject. His research, his gray cloth notebooks, are famous. He knew he was going to create *types*: in 1920 when he renamed one character he wrote: "This name sounds commonplace yet it will be remembered, and two years from now we'll have them talking of Babbittry." He tried to sum up things as they were.

But to succeed—to create a photograph which is also as much a myth as Falstaff or Sherlock Holmes or Cinderella—takes more than research. Lewis succeeds by the power of fantasy, and it is his personal fantasy. It is his ambiguous feeling toward his father and Sauk Center, his expatriate-isolationist ambivalence, but most of all his feminine satire and masculine love of the botched and barbarous in us all.

Smith

Continued from page 33

the rapid deterioration of the later work of this intensely creative man who had written twelve novels in fifteen years, at least four of which had made him world famous.

Grace Lewis, in her brief epilogue, writes, "Why do I stop at the height of his success? There were to be more successes, the winning of the Nobel Prize, and a new interest in the theatre, but his writing after 'Arrowsmith' ceased to grow, in style and in emotional experience." She adds, "It may be true that all his novels had their roots in Sauk Center, that in this town of 2,500 he acquired his first and only company of vivid characters whom he transferred to other settings."

The readers of "With Love from Gracie" may find many deeper reasons in this story of their life. Sinclair Lewis got what he wanted: fame and love. But to rise to world fame in a few years is a burden not many men can carry gracefully, and Lewis's definition of love, or at least married love, could not for long satisfy any sensitive, intelligent woman, or even satisfy himself. They had a son, Wells (killed in World War II), a handsome, brilliant, perhaps precocious youth. Lewis liked the idea of having a son, but he did not know what to do with him. A child in the house was a nuisance. Lewis was as restless as a hawk. They lived in many houses, many mansions, abroad and at home. There were no roots to their lives; the child had many governesses and was sent away to foreign schools.

Perhaps Lewis could not be a family man or a father or even a constant friend. A brilliant speaker, he was always in demand for lectures and public addresses; he was always pulling up stakes and traveling to the Continent or to England, where Britain's greatest writers met him and enjoyed his monologues, but found him strange and too American. At the end he was separated from his wife, though he wrote her ardent letters in which he said they must never be divorced, and never live together again. He drank too much, tried to love other women and failed.

Somewhere in this exotic tangle of Sauk Center memories, of overwhelming fame, and of failure as a man and as a father the riddle of Sinclair Lewis may be found. "With Love from Gracie" is written with compassion, understanding, and love for this perplexed genius who became toward the end of his life one of the loneliest of men.

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An Autumn's Harvest of Books

Continued from page 19

DAYS TO REMEMBER. *By John Gunther and Bernard Quint. Harper.* $5.95.
An album of photographs and text recording the highlights of America, 1945-1955. (Cross.)

THE EARTH WE LIVE ON. *By Ruth Moore. Knopf.* $6.
The author of "Man, Time, and Fossils" has again interpreted science for the layman. Geology is the hero of her latest book. (Kogan.)

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. *By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.50.
The second volume of reminiscences by a sensitive and eccentric English man of letters, covering the period 1914 to 1923, when he was a pacifist, a farm laborer, a book-store proprietor, an intimate of the Bloomsbury Group. (Yeiser.)

GRAY GHOSTS AND REBEL RAIDERS. *By Virgil Carrington Jones. Holt.* $4.50.
The exploits of Confederate rangers behind the Union lines make an absorbing adventure story for Yankees and rebels alike. (Cady.)

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS. *By the Duchess of Windsor. McKay.* $5.
All about a lady from Baltimore who married a king. (Herzberg.)

HERITAGE. *By Allison T. Brown. Coward-McCann.* $7.50.
Art and architecture presented against a historical backdrop in this one-volume encyclopedia of Western culture. (J. Sherman.)

IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY. *By H. V. Kaltenborn. Putnam.* $5.
From the notebooks and files of the dean of radio commentators comes this personal history of the twentieth century's great events. (Flowers).

THE LAST GRAIN RACE. *By Eric Newby. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
A report by an ex-advertising man who signed aboard the four-masted *Moshulu* for the last exciting grain run from the Irish Sea to Australia. (Nichols.)

THE LIFE OF ROBERT SOUTHWELL. *By Christopher Devlin. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy.* $5.
The English Jesuit poet, his arrest, his trial, and final martyrdom. A complex life involved in British history. (Emmart.)

LIKE A BULWARK. *By Marianne Moore. Viking.* $2.50.
A porcupine, an ermine, a sycamore tree are only a few of the subjects upon which Miss Moore rests her clear eye in this new volume of verse. (Nordell.)

MIRROR IN MY HOUSE. *By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan.* $20.
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The Man Who Abolished Time

Continued from page 14

well to Arms." The central relationship with which they deal is between the many and the one. Very often—to borrow a pair of terms from David Riesman—their theme is the defeat of an inner-directed hero by an other-directed society. They feel that the society and its standards must be carefully portrayed, and these writers are all, to some extent, novelists of manners. Wilder, on the other hand, is a novelist of morals.

Manners and morals are terms that overlap, sometimes confusingly, but here I am trying to use the two words in senses that are easier to distinguish. Manners would be the standards of conduct that prevail in a group, large or small, and hence they would change from group to group and year to year. Morals would be defined as the standards that determine the relations of individuals with other individuals, one with one—a child with each of its parents, a husband with his wife, a rich man with a poor man (not *the* rich with *the* poor)—and also the relations of any man with himself, his destiny, and his God. They are answers found by individuals to the old problems of faith, hope, love or charity, art, duty, submission to one's fate . . . and hence they are relatively universal; they can be illustrated from the lives of any individuals, in any place, at any time since the beginning of time.

The characters in Wilder's novels and plays are looking for such answers; his work is not often concerned with the behavior of groups. An outstanding exception might be his play "Our Town," in which the Stage Manager speaks with the voice of the community. But the community hasn't much to say about itself and won't admit to having local color; it might be any town, a fact that helps to explain the success of the play in towns all over this country, and other countries. The events it sets forth are coming of age, falling in love, getting married, and dying; in other words, they are not truly events, but rather examples of a universal pattern in human lives; and they are not greatly affected by the special manners of this one community.

Wilder's first novel was "The Cabala," which also starts by dealing with a group; but very soon the young narrator shifts his attention to its separate members, explaining that he is "the biographer of the individuals and not the historian of the group." The statement applies to the author himself, and in a more positive form: Wilder is not a historian. He had studied archeology at the American Academy in Rome and had learned to look backward and forward through a long vista of years; that sort of vision is a special quality of all his work. But what he sees at the end of a vista is what the archeologist often sees; that is, fragments of a finished pattern of life, in many ways similar to our own. It is not what the historian tries to see: a living community in a process of continual and irreversible change.

The other novelists of his generation were all of them historians. Their basic perception was of the changes in their own time, from peace to war, from stability to instability, from a fixed code of behavior to the feeling that "it's all right if you can get away with it." For them the First World War was a true event, in the sense that nothing was the same afterward. All of them were "haunted fatally by the sense of time," as Wolfe said of the autobiographical hero in his second novel, which was called "Of Time and the River." Hemingway's first book was "In Our Time," and he left it to be understood as ". . . in no other time."

Faulkner saw his time in the South as one of violent and progressive decay. Dos Passos tried to put thirty years of American life into one big novel. He invented a device called the Newsreel: it consisted of quotations from Chamber of Commerce speeches, newspaper headlines, crime stories, and the lyrics of popular songs, and it was intended to convey the local color of each particular year. Fitzgerald put some of the same material into the body of his stories; he wrote as if with one eye on the calendar. "The Great Gatsby" belongs definitely to the year 1923, when the Fitzgeralds were living in Great Neck, and "Tender Is the Night" could have ended only in 1930; no other year on the Riviera had the same atmosphere of things going to pieces. Both books are historical novels about his own time, which portrayed in them with such a long perspective that the books are permanent.

Wilder would never attempt to draw such a picture of his time. He is our great unsocial and antihistorical novelist, the artist of the anachronism. In all his work I can think of only one event that marks an absolute change; it is the birth of Christ, announced on the first and last pages of "The Woman of Andros." Chrysis and Pamphilus, in that novel, are premature Christians, and the author implies that they would have led happier lives if they had been born in the Christian era. He never mentions that other Christian event, the Fall; perhaps it plays no part in his theology. Everything else in his plays and novels—even the collapse of a famous bridge—is merely an example or illustration of man's destiny.

Nothing is unique, he seems to be saying; even the Ice Age will return, as will the Deluge, as will Armageddon. After each disaster man will start over again—helped by his books, if he has saved them—and will struggle upward until he is halted by another, or perhaps by the same disaster repeated in a different form. "Romes existed before Rome," the shade of Virgil says at the end of "The Cabala," "and when Rome will be a waste there will be Romes after her." Wilder does not think of history as an irreversible process or a river in flood; he thinks of it as a series of recurrent patterns, almost like checkerboards set side by side.

AT THIS point I think we are beginning to see a design that unites

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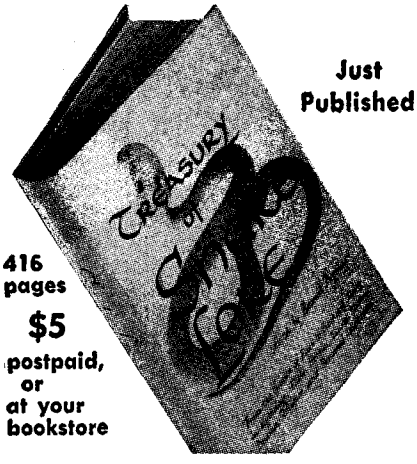

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his work. Wilder has written a dozen books, each strikingly different from all the others in place and time, in mood, and even more in method, yet all the books embody or suggest the same feeling of universal experience and eternal return. *Everything that happened might happen anywhere, and will happen again.* That principle explains why he is able to adopt different perspectives in different books, as if he were looking sometimes through one end of a telescope and sometimes through the other. In "The Ides of March" a distant situation is magnified, and Rome in 45 B.C. is described as if it were New York 2,000 years later. In "Our Town" he reverses the telescope and shows us Grover's Corners as if it had been preserved for 2,000 years under a lava bed and then unearthed like Herculaneum.

He has many other fashions of distorting time. There is a one-act play in which he presents a Christmas dinner that lasts for ninety years, with members of the family appearing from a bright door and going out through a dark door, to indicate birth and death. "The Skin of Our Teeth" tells the story of mankind in three acts and four characters: Adam, Eve, Lilith, and Cain. In the first act a glacial shield grinds down on Excelsior, New Jersey. In the second act, laid in Atlantic City just before the Deluge, an ark full of animals two by two is launched from the Million Dollar Pier. In the third act the great philosophers are portrayed as hours of the night. One of the characters explains, "Just like the hours and stars go by over our heads at night, in the same way the ideas and thoughts of the great men are in the air around us all the time and they're working on us, even when we don't know it." Spinoza is nine o'clock, Plato is ten, Aristotle is eleven, and Moses is midnight. Three thousand years of human thought are reduced to four hours, which pass in less than two minutes on the stage.

This foreshortening of time, which almost becomes an abolition of time, is an opportunity for the novelist as well as the dramatist. He is permitted to transfer any character from one historical period or pattern to another, so long as the character reappears on a corresponding square of the checkerboard. Thus, in "The Bridge," Mme. de Sévigné has a second life in Peru as the Marquesa de Montemayor. In "The Cabala" there is Keats, temporarily resurrected with his genius, his family, and his fatal illness; he dies in 1920, among a group of strange characters who might have been evoked from the Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon, or who again might be classical gods and goddesses in modern dress.

Figures can be moved backward in time as well as forward. Edward Sheldon, the blinded and horribly crippled dramatist who lived for thirty years in retirement, dispensing wisdom to his friends, appears in "The Ides of March" as Lucius Mamilius Turrinus; and one suspects that Cicero, in the same novel, is a preincarnation of Alexander Woollcott. As for the hero of the novel, he is not a historical character, but a model or paradigm of the man of decision, as he might exist in any age. Wilder has called him Julius Caesar, just as Paul Valéry called his man of intellect Leonardo da Vinci, and just as Emerson gave the title of "Plato" to his essay on man as philosopher.

The mention of Emerson reminds us that he was another writer who denied the importance of groups or institutions and refused to think of history as a process. He discussed Plato and Shakespeare not against the background of their times, but as great contemporaries whom he might meet at the next dinner of the Saturday Club. . . . In the brilliant series of lectures that he gave at Harvard in 1950-1951 Wilder started with Emerson and the other classical American writers, notably Melville and Whitman. What he tried to deduce from their works was the character of the representative American, but what he actually presented, I suspect, was something of his own character. Here are three of his statements:

> From the point of view of the European an American is nomad in relation to place, disattached in relation to time, lonely in relation to society, and insubmissive to circumstances, destiny, or God.
>
> Americans could count and enjoyed counting. They lived under a sense of boundlessness. . . . To this day, in American thinking, a crowd of 10,000 is not a homogeneous mass of that number, but is one and one and one . . . up to 10,000.
>
> Since the American can find no confirmation of identity from the environment in which he lives, since he lives exposed to the awareness of vast distances and innumerable existences, since he derives from a belief in the future the courage that animates him, is he not bent on isolating and "fixing" a value on every existing thing in its relation to a totality, to the All, to the Everywhere, to the Always?

These are perceptive statements, but I would question whether they

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apply to most Americans today, or to many American novelists since the First World War. Their primary application is to Emerson and the big and little Emersonians — including Whitman, the biggest of all. In our day they apply to Wilder himself more than to any other living writer. If on one side he descends from Pope and Addison, or at least has something of their attitude toward the art of letters, on the other side he is an heir of the Transcendentalists. His work has more than a little of the moral distinction they tried to achieve, and like their work it deals with the relation of one to one, or of anyone to the All, the Everywhere, and the Always. Like theirs, it looks toward the future with confidence, though not with the bland confidence that some of the Emersonians displayed. "Every human being who has existed can be felt by us as existing now," Wilder said in another of his Harvard lectures, as if to explain and justify his foreshortening of history. "All time is present for a single time. . . . Many problems which seem insoluble will be solved when the world realizes that we are all bound together as the population of the only inhabited star."

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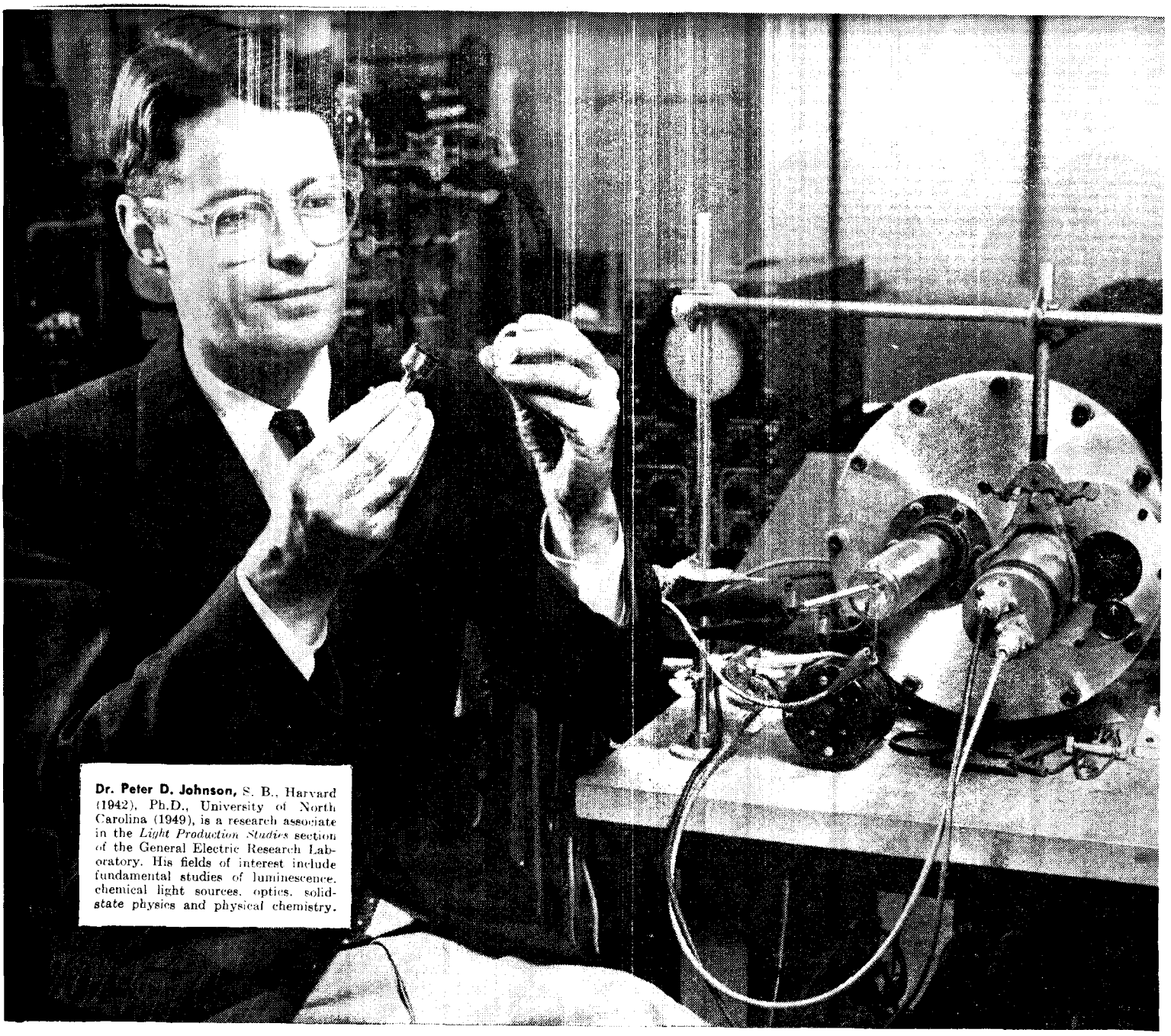

Dr. Peter D. Johnson, S. B., Harvard (1942), Ph.D., University of North Carolina (1949), is a research associate in the *Light Production Studies* section of the General Electric Research Laboratory. His fields of interest include fundamental studies of luminescence, chemical light sources, optics, solid-state physics and physical chemistry.

Seeking new facts about phosphors

Dr. Peter D. Johnson of General Electric explores activators in phosphors to improve tomorrow's lighting and television

Efficient light output—in fluorescent lamps, television screens, and electroluminescent panels—is an obvious goal of phosphor research. Achieving "more lumens per watt," however, is only part of the problem. Scientists also seek phosphors with rapid response, proper color characteristics, and other properties—and they know that these properties are controlled by intentionally introduced impurities called *activators*.

At the General Electric Research Laboratory, Dr. Peter D. Johnson has devised a variety of decisive experiments for evaluating the theories of how activators work. Dr. Johnson and his associates have achieved new understanding of the factors controlling efficiency in electroluminescence, have obtained basic facts about the phosphors used in present-day commercial lamps, and have been able to design phosphors for such special applications as color television.

As we see it, providing scientists with freedom and incentive to extend the frontiers of knowledge is fundamental to the creation of better products, better jobs, and more opportunities for human satisfactions.

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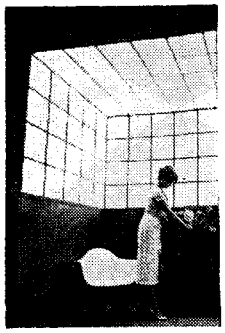

SR/Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY

DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Letters to the Science Editor • Personality Portrait—VII • Science in Books • The Research Frontier

ARTICLES: Food and Cancer

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *WALLS OF LIGHT*
- *SCIENTIFIC RED HOTS*
- *SPACE CABIN WITH BATH*

IN OUR masthead photograph this month you see a corner of the first room man has ever built that is lighted by its own walls and ceiling. Each of the squares that make up the top of the room glows of itself, brightly enough to read by. The light is soft. There are no shadows. The color doesn't show here, but it is pale green. It could just as well be blue, red, or plain white.

Don't expect to go down to the corner store and buy a roomful of these "squares of light." They aren't ready for the market yet. But they are far enough along to have been demonstrated in action by Westinghouse in September at dedication ceremonies for the company's new multi-million-dollar research laboratory in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

This new form of light is called electroluminescence. The glow comes from a powdered phosphor bound in a plastic and sprayed on the surface of a glass plate as thin as an ordinary window. On the side that emits the light the glass is coated by Corning with a transparent stuff that conducts electricity. The "behind-the-wall" side of the glass is covered with aluminum, which also conducts electricity. When electric current is turned into this electronic sandwich the phosphor in the middle becomes excited and lights up like a firefly's tail.

Westinghouse has been working on electroluminescence since 1936. The light it has obtained is 400 times brighter now than it was three years ago, and the conversion of power into light is twenty times as efficient. Ultimately engineers expect to be able to change the color of the light at will merely by turning a knob or flicking a switch. Psychologically, this might have advantages: a bluish white light could make hot days seem cooler; a reddish white glow might cheer up dreary days.

• • •

THE Westinghouse dedication was barely over before Sylvania stepped up with an announcement that its laboratories are busy with electroluminescence, too. It predicted that by 1975 TV sets will have disappeared and the pictures will be shown directly on the walls, through self-lighting panels.

• • •

GENERAL ELECTRIC has its share of scientists on the solid-state physics front. But the most sensational announcement from Schenectady in recent weeks is on another line: high-temperature research. In the GE labs electronic controls have been operated for more than 1,000 consecutive hours in a red-hot state without deterioration or loss of efficiency. New ceramics and titanium help make it possible for these instruments to withstand temperatures from 900 to 1,500 degrees Fahrenheit. The implications for missiles or rockets traveling at skin-sizzling speeds are obvious.

FIRST test flights of the rockets that will carry the earth satellites aloft (*SR* Mar. 24, Sept. 1) will be launched from Florida well before Christmas. The amateur moonwatching corps that is being enlisted throughout the country will stage an alert by Thanksgiving at the latest.

• • •

THE above paragraph should not be taken as an order blank for space travel tickets. Before rockets can be manned there are a few simple human comforts to be thought of, such as: Where's the bathroom?

"There is no directly comparable problem in technology today," says Dr. William T. Ingram, Adjunct Professor of Sanitary Engineering at New York University, who has been assigned by the Air Force to work out a method of handling human wastes in rockets. "The closest analogy would be life in a submarine—a submarine surrounded by nothing."

Several years of basic research will be necessary before scientists can even begin to design the required plumbing. Here are some of the facts of life that must be resolved: Oxygen, needed to maintain human life, will be precious in a hermetically sealed space ship. Human wastes—perspiration, urine, feces, and carbon dioxide—consume oxygen while they decompose. The wastes are malodorous and produce poisonous gases, yet the ship's crew must live off what is available when the door is closed and survive for days or months in spite of the body's embarrassments.

Because of the tremendous speeds at which space ships will travel, expelling anything from the ship may not be feasible. It might knock the ship off its carefully calculated trajectory. To go off course even a few inches might mean an ultimate error of thousands of miles. Because of rigid fuel requirements, such an error could not be corrected.

Conventional burning of the wastes would eat up oxygen. It also would require fuel and furnaces, adding weight that would demand additional

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fuel. Net result: slow down the ship.

Among the possible solutions that will be investigated is solar energy. Space ships will be closer to the sun and free of earth's atmosphere, which blocks off much of the sun's energy. Solar heat bearing down on one side of the ship might conceivably be used to incinerate or to chemically "crack" wastes. Other parts of the ship would be extremely cold; by refrigeration gaseous wastes might be converted to liquid or solids on which small plants like algae might be grown as a supplement to the crew's diet. Since algae need carbon dioxide to grow, they would remove some unwanted gas from the air. They also would require certain nutrients that are available in the unwanted organic wastes. The oxygen that plants liberate as they grow would enrich the supply of air for breathing.

If solar heat can't do the job, maybe the great heat generated by high-speed flight (commonly called the "thermal barrier") could be used to burn or process wastes. Filtered or chemically treated, the wastes might be used as supplemental fuel to drive the space ship.

• • •

A TEAM of Canadian doctors think they have found a quick, simple test for breast cancer that will free women of the need for "at least 95 per cent of breast operations."

Although the female breast is the most frequent single organ to be attacked by cancer, only about five in every 100 women suspected of having cancer actually are afflicted by malignant growths. But the other ninety-five must submit to operations anyhow—removal of small bits of tissue for microscopic examination and diagnosis. It is these ninety-five that the new test is intended to help.

As reported in the *Canadian Medical Association Journal*—by Drs. R. N. Lawson, A. L. Saunders, and R. D. Cowan—the simplified diagnosis begins with injection of a drug called heptaldehyde. In all of the women who had cancer and received this drug the temperature of the skin above the cancer dropped suddenly. There was no change in skin temperature in women whose tumors were not malignant.

Heptaldehyde injections shrink breast cancers in animals. Whether the same result will obtain in humans is not yet known. But it is known that Eskimo women do not have breast cancers. And it is also known that the Eskimo diet contains a high proportion of rancid fat—from which heptaldehyde is extracted.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

STILL NOT SURE

DR. IRVING BENGELSDORF'S "Can the Atom Change the Weather?" (*SR* July 7) contains exciting information for your readers. But it must be pointed out that some of the statements which were made have been refuted by previously published scientific papers with which the author was apparently not familiar. One such paper was published in *Science* (January 1955).

Most scientists who have examined this problem have concluded that there is no evidence to show that there is any large-scale change in the weather as a result of atomic explosions. However, careful studies of any possible effects are continuing to insure that nothing is being overlooked in this important field.

HARRY WEXLER,
Director of Meteorological Research, U.S. Weather Bureau.

Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The conclusion of the report on the experiments to which Dr. Wexler refers was that "although it is not possible to prove that atomic explosions have or have not influenced the weather, it is believed that this study has shown that an effect is unlikely." Doctor Bengelsdorf was familiar with these experiments at the time he wrote his article and, indeed, he cited them in a general way.*

But he took the position that until atomic effects can definitely be disproved, they should continue to be investigated. It is gratifying to have the Weather Bureau Research Chief's assurance that the course our article recommended is being followed.

A MATTER OF DEGREE

PLEASE DON'T use the Centigrade thermometer scale when referring to temperatures. Most of us out here are laymen and 27C. is meaningless unless we transpose it to Fahrenheit, and that all of us have forgotten how to do.

JOSEPH A. FORN.

New York, N. Y.

TRANQUILIZER

BACK FROM my vacation and catching up on my reading. Especially *SR* and the July 7, 1956 issue. Never mind "Name Deleted." [A reader who asked that his name be omitted from his criticism of SR/RESEARCH style, which he called "embarrassing."] A few tablets of Miltown will straighten him out. I find the scientific contributions well presented and enlightening. For a more technical approach let "Name Deleted" read *Scientific American.*

DR. G. S. MEISTER.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

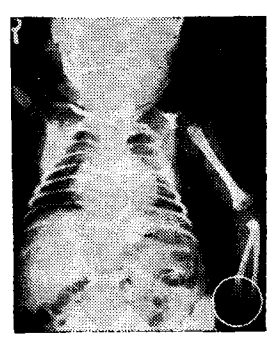
GOING LIKE ÷ 60

DOES IT REALLY take only ten seconds to launch an earth satellite? Or was your caption writer nodding in September?

DOROTHY LEEDS.

New York, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The correct time for hanging a moon is ten* minutes.



HASTY DIAGNOSIS

IF *SR* IS TO grace medical science with its attention, let's not have the grammar-schoolish and undiscriminating reporting evidenced in "No Idiot" of September 1. The report is brief and cute, appropriate for any of a number of ordinary magazines. The Research Editor should not select subjects about which he is not in the position to pass judgment or to seek expert advice. The X-ray shows no pretty little "round islands of bone" in the wrist—but this is often a perfectly normal situation for a twenty-seven-day-old infant, as could be ascertained by consulting any of a number of reliable radiological standards available. In fact, most newborn infants have no little bone in the wrist until the third or fourth month of life. Such careless choice of material for review will discredit your otherwise high standards. Hands off, when you are not in a position to evaluate your material!

ALFRED M. BONGIOVANNI, M.D.
Associate Professor of Pediatrics, Director of Endocrine Research, University of Pennsylvania.

Philadelphia, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Doctor Bongiovanni is right in saying that not all newborn babies have islands of bone in their wrists. But he is wrong in assuming that* SR/RESEARCH *did not seek expert advice before publishing the item he criticizes. Our source: The American College of Radiology in Chicago. Advised of Dr. Bongiovanni's comment, the College replies: "It is true, according to textbooks and on the average, no bones are seen in the wrist at birth. But* in some cases *faint centers* can be seen *shortly after birth. So,* in this case, *which came from a mental-retarded clinic at a large hospital and had been referred for routine X-ray as a 'mental defective,' the clinician was queried by the radiologist—although the diagnosis is not specific from* all *wrist bones at this age—whether 'cretinism' or hypothyroidism in this child had been ruled out. Thus, from clinical judgment on the radiologist's part, other films were ordered—of the lower extremities and skull. These areas have more visible centers than the wrist."*

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FOOD AND CANCER

The Suspicious Chemicals in Your Marketbasket

Through the earliest ages of history, man struggled for survival against smaller living things—the pests that ate his crops and the germs that diseased his body. Defeating them, he still had to battle the slow attrition of age and its degenerative effects. Now, while holding off age with one hand, he faces yet a new and far more subtle foe: the chemicals he has injected into his own environment. Some of these are known to start cancer. How many of them do we eat with our daily meals?

Cancer specialists from all over the world gathered in Rome in August 1956 to argue that question in a Symposium organized by the International Union Against Cancer. After five days they voted unanimously to recommend precautionary action. Believing that the survival of democracy depends on the willingness of the ordinary citizen to work with the scientist in harnessing science to enrich—rather than to enslave—the human individual, SR/RESEARCH *here presents for its readers a consideration of cancer's possible origins in food, and a program for action which seems practical and sensible to the Chief of the Environmental Section, National Cancer Institute, U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare.*

By JOHN LEAR

OF ALL man's enemies, cancer is the best disguised. So well does it cover its tracks that most people think of it as one disease. Actually, it is a huge family of afflictions with a conspicuous characteristic in common: cells growing wild.

Few, if any, qualified investigators of cancer's ravages expect a quest for a cure that will lead them to a single agent. Instead, the conviction is spreading that just as each of the infectious diseases has had to be fought with particular antitoxins, vaccines, and drugs, so each of the different types of cancer will have to be vanquished separately by means directed specifically at its individual causes. Antibiotics may be effective against one cancer, chemicals against another, radioactive isotopes against a third, and a fourth may be treated with something like a vitamin for lack of which the body initiates an alternate growth pattern that goes berserk.

"We are not yet sure what type of weapon will be most effective," Dr. R. Keith Cannan, chairman of the Division of Medical Sciences of the National Academy of Sciences, reported recently after a decade spent in allocating $25,000,000 for cancer research—$3,000,000 in this year 1956 alone. "The war on cancer is still a war of maneuver. We are not yet in position for the grand assault . . . The biologist, in ever closer cooperation with the biochemist . . . must cover the whole field of cellular interactions and of the influences of genes, viruses, and hormones on growth development and susceptibility to malignant change.

"At the clinical level the trend in therapy is strongly toward the development of chemotherapeutic agents for the control of diffuse and inaccessible tumors. At the same time interest is growing in the prevention of cancer by an intensive screening of man's chemical environment in the search for extrinsic carcinogenic agents."

Concern about cancers that originate in man's environment—the effects of cigarette smoke and motor-exhaust fumes are but two examples—is not merely contemporary with the chemotherapeutic attack against malignancy. The one is a natural result of the other. In hunting chemicals that could kill cancer, medical researchers have discovered chemicals which, if they do not actually cause cancer, do provoke the wild cellular growth to proliferation.

There is no evidence that any fruit, vegetable, or meat in the natural state contains carcinogens (cancer "starters"). But these suspicious chemicals can and do get into food in scores of different ways, from deliberately introduced colorings to accidental residues of poisons used by farmers to kill worms and bugs.

Only last year the United States Food and Drug Administration cut the number of food dyes that are legal in this country from eighteen to fifteen; the three thus banned had been proved capable of inflicting harm on humans under certain circumstances. Today the American housewife buys nothing through her normal markets that is known to cause cancer in man. But it cannot be said that her kitchen is free of artificially added substances either similar to or identical with chemicals known to cause cancers in rabbits, rats, mice, or dogs.

In itself, this last fact would not necessarily be ominous. The weird metabolic pathways through which the wild growths of cancers proceed differ from one animal to another, from animals to man, and even from one type of man to another. A cancer-provoking agent which kicks up trouble in the liver of one individual may do its damage at a quite different site in a different victim.

The immediate reason for caution in human use of any chemical suspected of even remote relationship with cancer is the pattern of malignant growth in the human digestive tract (see sketch, page 59). The points that cancers most frequently attack are the "narrows" through which our food passes—a clear suggestion that prolonged contact between food chemicals and the intestinal lining could be a primary cancer mechanism. Although this is only a theoretical consideration now, it would seem to be strengthened by the established fact that body tissues "remember" even brief encounters with cancer "starters" and accumulate the ill effects over long periods of time before a wild growth actually appears.

As far back as 1950 J. R. Heller, Jr., Director of the National Cancer In-

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stitute, wrote in the *Archives of Industrial Hygiene:*

"Considering that danger from the chemical cancerigens lies in the slow, almost unnoticeable harm that comes from contact with them, it might be wise from a preventive point of view to consider all chemical agents which have elicited cancer in animals as having the potential properties for producing cancer in the human organism."

Four years later, the Committee on Cancer Prevention of the Commission on Cancer Control, International Union Against Cancer (organized in 1933 by cancer specialists of thirty-three nations), passed the following resolution at Sao Paulo, Brazil:

"In the case of agents whose carcinogenicity for man is not known but which elicit cancer in experiments conducted upon animals—although it is recognized that the development of cancer in response to such materials may be conditioned by the type of exposure, notably the species of animals or the route of administration—it is not prudent to regard such agents as harmless for man."

Dyes were the only food hazards discussed at that time, and no definite conclusions were reached about them. This state of affairs did not satisfy the stern conscience of Dr. Hermann Druckrey, Professor of Pharmacology at Freiburg, Germany, and he proposed a worldwide symposium on the potential dangers. While preparations were going forward for this meeting, enforcement of the Pure Food regulations in this country started to tighten. The Supreme Court had found that existing laws gave Federal inspectors no right to enter food processing factories. In his first message to Congress, President Eisenhower proposed new legislation to fill the gap, and it was passed. A second law put new controls on pesticide residues. General expansion of Food and Drug investigations was guaranteed by approval of a new headquarters building, including up-to-date laboratories capable of dealing efficiently with the problem of chemical additives. Eleven different bills were introduced for still further reforms, but the confusions they stirred up in Congressional hearings stalled them all. During the hiatus that followed, the world Symposium was held in Rome from August 10 to 15, 1956, and was attended by fifty-two scientists from twenty-one lands. There was so much to talk about that the usual Italian siesta had to be abandoned in order to complete the agenda. At the end, unanimous approval was voted for a flat prohibition against any intentional additive to food or drink which is not specifically authorized by law.

There are hundreds of additives and contaminants in the foods we eat today. Which ones are safe and should be legalized? Which ought to be banned? Participants in the Symposium wrote no list, but did agree upon guiding principles. In their final report, approved unanimously, the cancer experts insisted that first of all their work should be directed toward assuring the primacy of that forgotten individual

THE CONSUMER: NO. 1 MAN

INTRODUCTION

THE participants unanimously recognise the urgent necessity for international collaboration for the protection of mankind against exogenous carcinogenic factors [cancer "starters" originating outside the human body], and notably against carcinogenic substances that may be present in food.

This collaboration should tend to encourage, help, coordinate, and if possible support research so as to achieve practical results in the shortest possible time. Thus, the necessary scientific basis could be established for industries to plan their production and for governments of different countries to legislate for the effective protection of the health of consumers.

GENERAL PRINCIPLES

Members of the Symposium adopted the following basic principles by unanimous vote:

1. Substances intentionally added to foods.
   a) Food and drink should not contain intentional additives unless authorized by legislation.
   b) The best safeguard is provided by the introduction of lists of substances which can be authorized from the point of view of toxicity and carcinogenicity. These lists should be continuously reviewed in the light of new knowledge and experience. Revisions should be possible *with a minimum of delay.*
2. An additive should be permitted only if it fulfils these requirements:
   a) It should conform to agreed official specifications.
   b) Its use should be shown by adequate scientific evidence to be innocuous to the consumer.
   c) Its use should meet a recognized need and be in the interest of the consumer.
3. In introducing permitted additives:
   a) The amount used should be as small as possible for the purpose.
   b) The consumer should not be misled as to the quality of food.
4. Substances unintentionally present in foods:
   Food and drink should not contain unintentional contaminants in amounts that constitute a risk to the consumer.

BIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENTAL METHODS

As far as toxicological methods are concerned, covering foreign substances voluntarily or involuntarily added to food, with particular reference to their potential carcinogenic activity [a "potential carcinogen" in this Report refers to any substance which has been convincingly demonstrated to be carcinogenic to animals, and though not yet shown to act as such in man, must be suspected of having a similar effect in man. It should be distinguished from "a substance suspected of carcinogenic action" where the tests are deemed to have been inadequate], the symposium has unanimously recognized that the way in which experiments are carried out depends in large measure on the nature of the substances, conditions, and modes of use, and that it is only possible to formulate some general rules. Experimental conditions and their evaluation should be left of course to the expert responsible for the experiments themselves. [Nevertheless, the Symposium agreed that presentation of experimental results should precisely identify the chemicals tested, their degree of purity, their companions in compounds or solutions, other ingredients in the diet, age and sex and strain and species of the experimental animals, length of treatment, times of appearance and

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nature of tumors, and the comparative health of control animals which are not fed the suspected chemicals.]

Considering that through the world the use of food additives and the presence of contaminants in food constitute a potential danger including carcinogenic risks for mankind and that the magnitude of the problems is such that it is impossible for any one body or country to undertake all experimental work necessary for the establishment of adequate safeguards, the Symposium has become convinced that a vigorous and effective campaign against the growing potential cancer hazards from food additives and contaminants demands the cooperation and coordination of all research efforts and facilities suitable for such work in different countries and the organization of an overall and closely integrated investigative plan.

The Symposium considers it advisable that the qualified experts should exchange through an international organization, such as the Committee of Causative Factors of Cancer of the International Union Against Cancer, all relevant information concerning their methods of experimentation and the results obtained, whether positive or negative. The Symposium recommends that each of the investigators do his best to make available, if needed, to other workers equipment, substances, and animal strains required for carrying out the experiments.

The following two points have been approved unanimously:

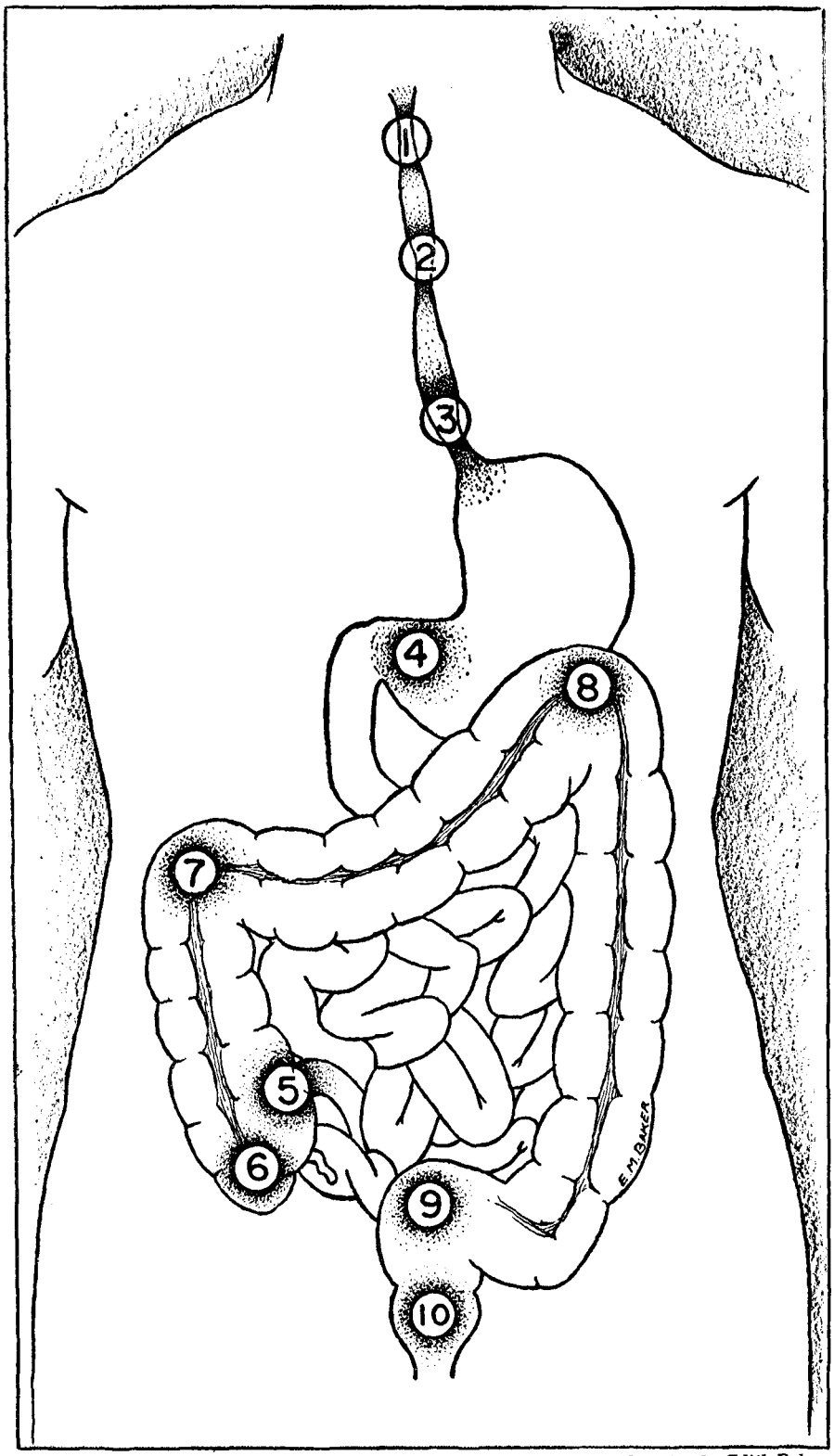
1) Food additives should be permitted only if, after long-term administration to at least two species of animals (one preferably a non-rodent), orally and parenterally [by injection], in amounts which must be considerably higher than would be present in food, so as to give adequate margin of safety, and, after observation of the animals over their lifetime, and through at least two generations in at least one suitable species, they have no toxic effect.

2) Any substance which causes cancer in man or which, when tested under these conditions, is shown conclusively to be a carcinogen at any dosage level, for any species of animal, following administration by any route, should not be considered innocuous for human consumption.

The Symposium considers that attention should be given to the possible action of substances which, though not carcinogenic themselves, favor carcinogenesis.

ANALYTICAL METHODS

[This section of the report is a recitation of technical details about purity of chemicals and standardization of animal experiments. Its purpose is to



—SR *Drawing by Edith Baker.*

THE INTESTINAL BATTLEFIELD: There is strong medical support for the belief that many cancers might be prevented by eliminating "starter" chemicals from food. Malignant growths of the human digestive tract tend to appear in the "narrows" of that tract, where food slows down its passage and rubs against the intestinal linings most forcefully. These "narrows" are the shaded spots in the above sketch, marked with numbers: 1. the larynx; 2. the tracheal bifurcation; 3. the entrance to the cardiac stomach; 4. the pre-pyloric stomach; 5. the ileo-cecal valve; 6. the cecum; 7. the right colonic flexure; 8. the left colonic flexure; 9. the sigmoid colon; and 10. the rectum. Occurrence of cancers at these points is significant when one notes how relatively long are the cancer-free portions of the intestine.

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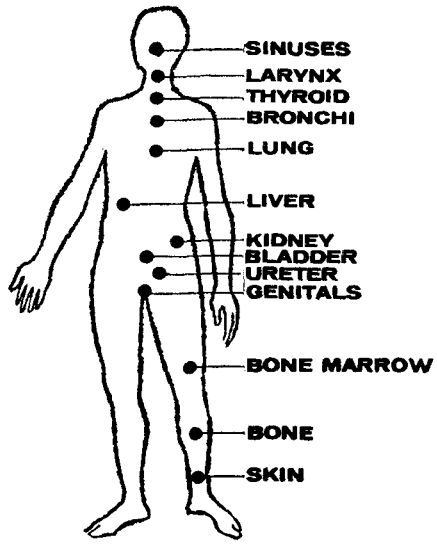

Cancer from chemicals added to food is not a bizarre concept. Cancer "starters" invade us at many points from the environment of our everyday life.

set standards that would make international exchange of information and cooperation in enforcement practical. Greatest attention is directed to dyes used in coloring food, and there is one finding of significant interest to the ordinary citizen. Not a single dye is listed as having been "adequately studied" to "satisfy the agreed criteria of safety." But among the chemicals "considered unsuitable or potentially dangerous which should not be added to food or drink for man or animals" there are nine shades of red, seven shades of orange, three yellows, three greens, three blues, a violet, three browns, and a black.

[After deliberating about food additives other than dyes, the Symposium reaches the conclusion that, because of "the limited amount of information available," it is "impossible to deal at this moment with all the different groups of food additives." Hence the report limits itself to preservatives, antioxidants, and some general remarks about emulsifying agents. Here again the language is technical. But in essence the Symposium report calls for "urgent retesting on an extensive scale" of these preservative chemicals: ethyl and butyl esters of p-hydroxy-benzoic acid, sulfurous acid and related compounds, formic acid. Preservatives condemned as "carcinogenic and . . . (to) be avoided for human use" are thiourea, thioacetamide, and 8-hydroxyquinoline. Among the antioxidants, thiodipropionic acid is tagged for "urgent retesting" and hydroquinone is on the prescribed list. "Extensive investigation of emulsifying agents" is deemed "of the utmost importance," "urgent testing" is urged for sorbitan fatty acid esters and polyoxythylen sorbitan fatty acid esters, and a flat ban is recommended on "highly oxydised and highly viscous polymerized oils."]

FOOD CONTAMINANTS

The Symposium limits itself to the formulation of general observations:

1. It recommends that attention should be given by public-health authorities to pesticides containing arsenic, since cancers of the skin have been observed following the consumption of foods contaminated with arsenical pesticide residues.

   Furthermore it is felt that more information is needed as to the safe use of chlorinated hydrocarbons as insecticides and miticides. It is recommended that investigations should be conducted on the potential dangers of long-term ingestion of pesticide residues in foodstuffs since exposures to chlorinated hydrocarbons are sustained from various sources in addition to contact with chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides in food.

   Though no carcinogenic effects have been demonstrated in man so far, similar to those found in experimental animals, the problem requires careful study. Attention should not only be paid in such investigations to the pesticide itself, but also to the vehicle which carries the active ingredients, because the vehicle may be carcinogenic.
2. It notes that an improper use of estrogens (hormones) as fattening agents deserves critical consideration, because of a potential cancer hazard of human beings resulting from an excessive and long-term contact with such agents.
3. Extensive experimental studies are indicated concerning the late effects of antisprouting agents because little information is available on a possible carcinogenic action of these chemicals influencing cellular mitotic (division and reproduction) activity.
4. Since various petroleum constituents, including certain mineral oils and paraffin, have produced cancer in man and experimental animals, the presence of such chemicals in foods appears to be objectionable, particularly when such materials are subject to high temperatures.
5. The recent observation of cocarcinogenic and promoting effects exerted by several detergents calls for caution in the use of such chemicals in foodstuffs.
6. It is felt that the possible production of carcinogenic substances by non-ionizing or ionizing radiations in foodstuffs should be considered as potentially dangerous. Similar considerations should be applied to the presence of radioactive substances in foodstuffs originating from environmental radioactive contamination.

It follows from the existing experimental evidence on the carcinogenic action of certain food contaminants

a) that wherever possible, the further use of such chemicals should be discontinued and, when this is found to be impossible, that such chemicals in foodstuffs be kept at a minimum;
b) that the observance of such minimum levels be rigidly enforced;
c) that efforts be made to find non-carcinogenic substitutes for those chemicals entering foodstuffs as contaminants which have proved to be carcinogenic in animals and/or man.

GENERAL CONCLUSION

The Symposium recommends that, as a basis for active cancer prevention, the proper authorities of various countries promulgate and enact adequate rules and regulations prohibiting the addition to food of substances having potential carcinogenicity.

Calendar for Action

"WHEN Congress reconvenes in January there will be a new opportunity to work for adequate and practical legislation to insure the safety of chemical food additives.

"This matter of chemical ingredients in food in my opinion is one of the really serious and important public-relations problems of the foods industry. It will never be solved satisfactorily as long as there is any question or doubt that all food ingredients are not as completely safe as it is humanly possible to make them.

"The only solution, in my opinion, is a law that requires adequate testing for safety before the food additive is put on the market—and there should be no loopholes in this requirement."

—BRADSHAW MINTENER, in his self-styled "Swan Song" as Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.
—Dallas, Tex., August 28, 1956.

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The Rome Symposium had no enforcement power. It could only suggest cooperation to achieve its ends. So far as the United States was concerned, responsibility passed to the Food Protection Board of the National Research Council (which has been considering a memo on the subject for a year but has not yet acted), the Food and Drug Administration, and the National Institutes of Health, whose environmental cancer chief, Dr. W. C. Hueper, read the following paper at Rome.

A PRACTICAL APPROACH

A RAPIDLY growing number and variety of non-nutritive substances have been introduced during recent decades into foodstuffs intended for general human consumption through the use of modern methods of food production and processing. Some of these chemicals are intentionally added to foods for various reasons, while others are employed for different purposes in the production of foodstuffs and remain unintentionally in them as residues. A disturbing aspect of this development is that there exists no mandatory provision for assuring, *a priori,* that biologic properties of each of these additives and contaminants, particularly long-term or delayed effects, have adequately been studied. The circumstances suggest the virtual certainty that many have not.

It is especially important in this respect that observations made during recent years in men and experimental animals have demonstrated a not inconsiderable number of chemicals similar to, or identical with, those introduced into foodstuffs which possess carcinogenic [cancer-provoking] properties. The actual or possible existence of cancer hazards related to carcinogens in foodstuffs therefore poses a serious public-health problem. The daily and life-long exposure to such agents would represent one of the most important of the various potential sources of contact with environmental carcinogens for the population at large.

The main groups of food additives and contaminants . . . include . . . natural and synthetic dyes, antioxidants of fats and lipoids and vegetable matter, thickeners, sweeteners, flavoring agents, surfactants (detergents, foaming agents), humectants (smoke agents), preservatives and chemical sterilizing agents, water conditioners (iodine, fluorides), antifoaming agents, salt substitutes, shortenings, softeners, bleaches, modifiers and improvers (meat tenderizers, etc.), oil and fat substitutes, organic solvents, emulsifiers and solidifiers, pesticide residues, antisprouting and antimaturition agents of fruits and vegetables, insect repellents, hormonal fattening agents, antibiotics (fed to food animals and added to foodstuffs), enzymes, antienzymatics, pan-glazes (silicones), pan-greases (mineral oils), water pollutants, chemical sterilizing agents, wrapping and coating materials (paraffin, waxes, resins, plastics), soot adherent to smoked foodstuffs and roasted and toasted products, household detergents and their coloring agents, non-ionizing radiation (ultraviolet) products, ionizing radiation (radioactive) products, and radioactive substances taken up by plants and food animals from air, soil, or water contaminated by radioactive fall-out.

The bulk of the still rather restricted pertinent information on potential cancer hazards from these additives and contaminants is of relatively recent date. Knowledge of such observations is often limited to parties mainly interested in scientific aspects of carcinogenesis and is sometimes not fully appreciated by those parties concerned with the practical aspects of potential human cancer hazards inferable from these experimental findings.

There is no necessary relation between toxicity [poisoning now effectively prevented by food and drug laws] and carcinogenicity of chemical agents. As a rule, the minimal carcinogenic dose is distinctly lower than the minimal chronic toxic dose. It is for this reason that not infrequently carcinogenic reactions may develop upon exposure to carcinogenic chemicals without a preceding or simultaneous appearance of any toxic symptoms.

In a graduated scale of the relative significance of potential environmental carcinogenic agents from a public health viewpoint, the highest priority for carcinogenic screening should be extended to those agents with which large parts of the general population have frequent and prolonged contact, whose possible carcinogenic effects on man can least readily be ascertained, and which for this reason are most difficult to control by preventive methods. Chemicals included in this group are those which enter the general human environment of every home in the form of consumer goods, or as environmental contaminants. Agents of this type are the large group of chemical additives and contaminants of foodstuffs in addition to many environmental poisons, pollutants of water, air, and soil, household drugs, sanitary supplies, cleaning agents, polishes, paints, and cosmetics.

IF ONE adopts the principle that the protection of the health of the general public deserves foremost attention, the following considerations may profitably be used as guide lines in arriving at intelligent and rational decisions.

1. Carcinogens vary greatly in their relative potency. Coal tars of different derivations, for instance, vary greatly in their relative carcinogenic potency in man and experimental animals. Coal tars are in turn usually more potent than wood tars or vegetable tars or tars obtained in the fractionation of petroleum.

2. Dose observations made in experimental animals are not directly applicable to man. There exist marked differences in potency of a particular chemical for various species.

3. Repeated exposures to carcinogens produce a cumulative carcinogenic effect in the exposed tissues. Cells once exposed to a carcinogen seem to retain the entire or a considerable portion of the initial effect exerted by individual exposures, even if these by themselves may be insufficient for eliciting a neoplastic [malignant] response. Subeffectively exposed cells can be challenged into carcinogenic activity either by additional subminimal carcinogenic exposures or by contact with specific promoting chemicals.

4. Actual exposure to a dietary carcinogen does not always stop with the cessation of environmental contact. Some chemicals are not metabolically destroyed or excreted but are retained in active form in certain tissues from which they may gradually be mobilized long after the environmental exposure has ceased.

5. Exposure to a dietary carcinogen may be complicated by occupational, medicinal, cosmetic, sanitary, or environmental contact with the same chemical or some other chemical.

6. It is perhaps possible to enforce

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Commonsense Precautions

ALTHOUGH there are at present no chemicals in American food which are definitely known to provoke cancer in man, some precautionary measures may be worth noting. Here are a few items which bear watching:

Oranges with "color added."

Sweet potatoes the buyer does not personally know are free of skin coloring.

Canned vegetables (frozen ones have no added colorings).

Margarine colored by anything other than carotene, a harmless natural substance.

Any part of the necks of chickens, because they are the site of growth-pellets poultry growers use to speed the maturation of the birds.

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to a reasonable degree laws concerning the maximal content and adequate purity of food additives and contaminants in foodstuffs merchandized by relatively large trade organizations dealing in large quantities in nationwide and interstate commerce and using standardized and well controlled methods of processing, handling, and shipping. Considerable difficulties in this respect may be encountered, on the other hand, regarding the proper supervision of foodstuffs produced and sold on a local level. The mere passage of laws establishing standards in such matters without providing adequate means to enforce them might produce in the population a deceptive impression of safety. The most effective method of control of health hazards of this type doubtlessly is found under such circumstances in a complete elimination of the dangerous agents from the human environment, wherever such a procedure is possible.

7. Since many foodstuffs containing artificial food additives and contaminants are not adequately labeled as to the amount and type of chemicals added to the natural food products, the general consumer is relatively rarely able to make any intelligent selection between different products of the same type, particularly between "natural" foodstuffs and "artificially modified and contaminated" ones. Indeed, in many instances, he may have little choice in such matters, because all or nearly all foodstuffs of certain types which he is able to purchase are of the contaminated or modified variety. The consumer under such circumstances is a member of a "captive" population which may be subjected to potential, long delayed health hazards which he has neither consented to nor is able to avoid. For these reasons the general public is entitled to expect that all chemical additives and contaminants are subjected to comprehensive and thorough studies for toxic, carcinogenic, and cocarcinogenic properties before they are used or introduced in human foodstuffs.

It is unlikely from an application of our present knowledge of environmental carcinogens that many of the presently used additives and contaminants of foodstuffs introduce any carcinogenic hazard into the general food supply and, therefore, deserve any immediate attention. The large number of additives as well as the complexity and costliness of the biologic testing for carcinogenic properties of any one of them, moreover, precludes for merely practical reasons any large-scale attack of the problem on the entire front at the present time. It is quite obvious that under the existing conditions a step-by-step procedure will have to be adopted and that investigative efforts would best be expended for the time being on those circumscribed groups of chemicals which from the already available information have furnished carcinogenic or cocarcinogenic agents, *i.e.*, synthetic dyes, chlorinated pesticides, animal and plant hormones, and detergents.

AMONG the various formerly and presently used synthetic food dyes, carcinogenic properties were discovered during recent years in a surprisingly large number when tested in rats and mice. Rodent cancers have also been produced by chemical compounds of the same stilbene family which has recently been introduced as coloring matter in many household detergents used for the cleaning of kitchen utensils, dishes, and cooking equipment of homes and commercial eating places.

Potential carcinogenic contaminants also may be introduced into foodstuffs if vegetables, fruits, fish, oysters, and livestock are grown on soil or in water polluted with known carcinogens, such as radioactive matter, arsenicals, selenium and polycyclic hydrocarbons contained in ship fuel oils. Consideration, moreover, must be given to the possibility that carcinogenic chemicals may be formed from noncarcinogenic ones under the influence of heat. Possible examples are (1) charred or tarry carbonaceous matter formed when bread or biscuits are excessively toasted or meats are grilled or roasted or (2) hydrocarbon constituents of mineral oils freed by cracking of the oil when it is used as a fat substitute and subjected to heat during grilling or baking.

There exists also the possibility that originally noncarcinogenic additives and contaminants may interreact with each other or with food constituents and form new compounds possessing carcinogenic properties in the foodstuffs. They may be produced under the influence of processing procedures or during the preparation of food in the kitchen. Plastics used as wrapping material, sausage skins and coating material of fruits, cheese, meat, butter, and can linings may carry a similar hazard.

Mention may finally be made of several experimental observations indicating that a dietary intake of certain spices or alkaloids which contaminate foodstuffs (chilies, alkaloids of senecio plants, crude ergot) may result in the development of liver tumors when given to rats.

The use of various types of radiating energy in the processing of foodstuffs also deserves consideration from a carcinogenic viewpoint, since these agents (ultraviolet radiation, ionizing radiation) produce in the constituents of food, such as sterols and nucleoproteins, definite chemical changes. No reliable information exists and no adequate experimental studies have been made for establishing the noncarcinogenic nature of the radiation products, although both types of radiation are eminently carcinogenic when acting on living tissues of both man and various species of animals.

The great majority of the different cancerous reactions mentioned here were produced either by the administration of excessively high doses or followed upon their introduction through routes distinct from those encountered under ordinary alimentation. The cancers developed in animals differed in various metabolic respects from man. But the mere fact of the existence of such responses presents a definite warning deserving serious attention if possible endemic and epidemic cancerous manifestations among exposed population groups are to be avoided.

—W. C. HUEPER.

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—VII

SCIENTISTS DO HAVE HAPPY HOMES

With Good Sports As Wives; First Witness: Betty Compton

A PURDUE UNIVERSITY poll of 2,500 American high-school pupils reveals a dismaying prevalence of absurdly wrong notions about science. Among other mistaken impressions, schoolboys believe a man can't be a scientist and still have a happy home. It is fortunate, then, that an antidote is at hand: the story of the personal happiness of Arthur and Betty Compton.

Betty Compton has hardly left her husband's side in forty years. She's climbed the Andes, the Alps, and the Himalayas with him, toting their two sons along. She's slogged through the mud of mushroom atom towns with him. She's holed up with him in small hotels under phony names. She's even been fingerprinted with him by the FBI!

Has that gummed up his science?

You can judge for yourself. Her husband is Dr. Arthur Holly Compton, who won the Nobel Prize.

Betty Compton is a heavy-duty dynamo, and she zooms in and out of the high spots of her husband's career as he recalls it in a biography ("Atomic Quest," Oxford University Press, $5) due in the bookshops on October 25. But the completeness of their companionship is apparent from the fact that the United States Army had to give her security clearance in the early 1940s before he would agree to enter the secret realm of the A-bomb makers.

"I have always been one of those who must talk over important problems with his wife," he explained to the authorities.

"Early in our married life," he writes, "she saw that I was eager to work on a research problem with X-rays and urged me to break away at all costs from the industrial laboratory in which I was pleasantly and profitably employed." It was the X-ray work that made him a Nobel Laureate in 1927. "While she says she is no scientist—she once taught Latin and German in high school, serving at the time as girl's basketball coach—she has been a very helpful collaborator on several of my scientific projects. She has taken her turn at reading cosmic-ray meters in the Himalayas, Australia, the Andes, and the Alps."

Mrs. Compton was still taking her turn in the autumn of 1941, when Dr. Compton was chairman of a National Academy of Sciences committee charged with advising the Government on military uses of atomic energy. "It was a cool September evening" on the University of Chicago campus and "she gave us each a cup of coffee as we gathered around the fireplace. Then she busied herself upstairs so the three of us might talk freely." Hours afterward she "evidently heard the discussion breaking up and came downstairs to bid our guests goodby."

That first person plural recurs again and again in Arthur Compton's narrative. "As my wife and I were horseback riding one Saturday afternoon," they picked out the site of what became the famed atomic laboratory in Argonne Forest. Later, "as our car pulled into the local store where the keys [to their summer cottage in Michigan] were kept, the phone was ringing. It was a call to me from Berkeley. Oppenheimer and his group had found something very disturbing": the principle of the H-bomb. Still later, "my wife and I appeared in Knoxville [Tennessee] as if for a holiday at the Great Smoky Mountains" and "we saw where the roads were being cut [for Oak Ridge]." Later yet: "In the interest of secrecy we endeavored to keep up the appearance of residence in Chicago. We spent part of every month there. . . . The trains were always overcrowded . . . on the 500-mile train ride back and forth. We were fortunate if we could obtain berths for the overnight trip."

Theirs was a happy family, and they celebrated Christmas at home in Chicago. "But my wife's birthday was on New Year's, and she wanted to cheer the families that were finding their first winter in . . . the mud of what we in Oak Ridge euphemistically called our streets . . . rather desolate. A Chicago baker made an immense birthday cake for us. Betty assigned son John the problem of transporting this cake intact, icing and all, to Oak Ridge. He built a frame for it the size of a large bird cage. . . . There must have been seventy-five people in our house" wolfing it down New Year's night.

For all her giddying travel, Betty Compton is never still even when she has the chance. In the moments she spent in Oak Ridge between trains to Chicago she "was working with some tangled old linen thread that her grandmother had spun two generations before. She wished now to weave this thread into linen napkins." One day when James Conant, the president of Harvard, and Crawford Greenewalt, the head of DuPont, stopped by for a chat with Dr. Compton she enlisted those eminent gentlemen as aides in her weaving. "I can still see Conant and Greenewalt holding the skeins in their hands as they helped each other unravel the tangle . . . under seventy years' accumulation of dust and grime."

How blithe a spirit Mrs. Compton is came clear one weekend when "my wife and I drove from Oak Ridge to Gatlinburg. According to instructions we registered at the hotel as Mr. and Mrs. A. Holly. Our son Arthur, having a few days' leave, had come to join us. He asked his mother, 'You and Dad can change your names as you wish, but what will you do with me? I'm in the Army now.' She had an answer ready. 'I will tell them this is Captain Compton, my son by my first marriage.' Only once did she have to use this literally correct subterfuge."

If Betty Compton has ever used any other subterfuge, it isn't known to the Washington University faculty in St. Louis, Mo., where the man she fell in love with two score years ago is now Distinguished Service Professor of Natural Philosophy. At sixty-four, she remains as her husband described her fifteen years back, imbued with "warm friendliness and openhearted generosity."

—JOAN ANJONN.

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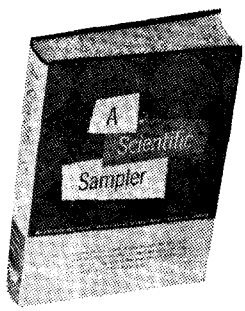
a look...

through science's crystal ball

A SCIENTIFIC SAMPLER

by RAYMOND STEVENS, HOWARD F. HAMACHER and ALAN A. SMITH



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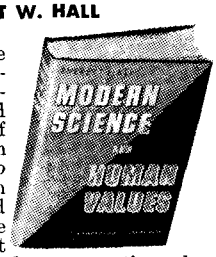
MODERN SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES

by EVERETT W. HALL



The dilemma of the atomic age is the discrepant pace of scientific achievement and man's knowledge of himself. Man pries with increasing success into the laws that govern the material world, and a new industrial age looms close ahead; but with the laws of social progress there has been no such success—into the new age will go the old sinful Adam, bedevilled with skepticism and controversy in all the fields of human values.

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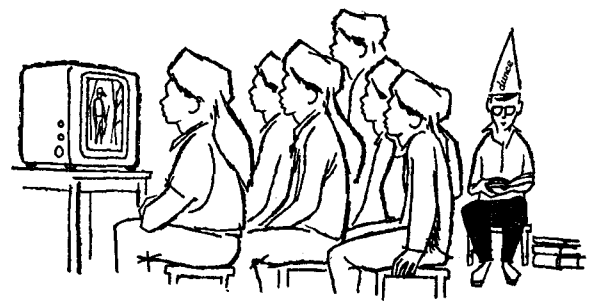

WHAT prevents us from having enough persons with scientific skills to go around? What is deterring youngsters of high ability from entering careers in areas where we need their contributions so badly?

Some of the discouraging factors may be so deeply embedded in our culture that nothing can be done with respect to them in meeting the current crisis. On the other hand, others may be remediable by individual and collective action once we have sufficient knowledge about them to realize the role they play.

One example of a deterrent characteristic of the individual is the unconscious failure to seek out information. Few youngsters really know what engineers are or what they do or are aware of the work of a research chemist. Many students find about technical careers too late to take the high school courses necessary to prepare for them.

Another obstacle connected with the individual is the particular type of hero worship engaged in by today's adolescent. The admiration for a Lindbergh or an Edison, the adulation of the scientist or the inventor, seems to have been replaced by new heroes in the young American's mind. The adolescent today seems to revere the baseball star and the TV entertainer.

On the whole, the attitudes and interests of adolescents most closely reflect those of their immediate families. When parents take an active interest in career decisions, those decisions are more likely to be made early and wisely. Where a completely permissive attitude is indulged in and the child is allowed to pick out his own courses in high school without any help, the student's selection of an occupation and his development of goals and values is postponed and probably made more difficult.

To be effective, however, parental influence must be in the form of encouragement and not in overbearing domination that stifles individual initiative or independent thought. A father's dislike for intellectual eminence can thwart a boy's efforts to get good grades. A girl's budding interest in science can be discouraged if, when she asks for a microscope to look at insects and worms, her mother says a girl should be interested in dolls.

The family, of course, is not an isolated segment of the population. Many serious deterrents to the production of scientists can be found in the American community of the 1950s itself. There is, first of all, a deterrent to scholarship in the cult of material success that is so strong in our society. Achievement, importance, fame, and even ability are frequently equated with dollars and cents. The child quickly perceives that what really counts in the world about him is wealth and power, not brains.

Along with this emphasis on worldly success there is another deterrent to the development of scientific ability in American mores—the tendency toward conformity. What people learn depends upon the particular learning situation. The child learns the behaviors, skills, values, and attitudes most highly esteemed by the adults around him. When this group exerts particularly strong conformist pressures, the child, a conformist to begin with, tends to find it profitable or safe to learn the culturally approved things and shun subjects in disfavor with his peers.

One could point to a further characteristic of present-day society which appears to hinder the production of scientists and which also concerns the approved values of the majority. With the growth of industrialization and with the improvement of modern means of communication, the importance of the radio, the motion picture,

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and television has become very great. Their use, however, as a means of communication has been primarily for purposes of recreation and only secondarily for purposes of learning. We now live in an entertainment-loving society.

We must remember that there are many things competing for the time of a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old. Each hour spent in passive enjoyment of a comedian or cartoon is one hour less that can be devoted to the arduous individual exercise of one's mind. As the adolescent finds little encouragement from his society to make the many sacrifices of time, energy, and pleasure necessary to develop his intellectual faculties to the fullest, he makes those sacrifices less and less frequently.

ONE badly neglected source of intellectual ability, small though it may appear to be, is the Negro youth. With few or virtually no inborn differences in intellectual capacity, the Negro nonetheless is severely handicapped in developing what potential talent he may possess. To begin with, one-quarter of the Negro population is illiterate. Furthermore, the Negro child's attendance in school is not as regular nor as long in duration as that of the white child. His health is frequently poorer, the income of his family lower, and part-time work during his school years more frequently necessary than among his white classmates. In addition, of course, he finds the quality of education afforded him frequently inferior to that provided for white children.

What does this mean as far as intellectual accomplishment is concerned? It means that whereas 85 per cent of all white children of high school age in the nation are in high school, only 60 per cent of the corresponding Negroes are enrolled. It means that the number of Negroes graduating from high school in the top quarter of their class amount to about 0.5 per cent of the graduating seniors in all high schools in the nation and the number of Negroes in the top quarter who have completed the minimum requirements for admission to college amount to 0.2 per cent of the nation's graduating seniors. It means that the 4,000 Negroes working as doctors make up about 2.2 per cent of all practicing physicians while at the same time Negroes represent one-tenth of our population. It means, as the Educational Policies Commission has asserted, "a shocking waste of talent, a waste that adds an incalculable amount to the price of prejudice in this country."

What has been said about the Negro applies with equal force to the other non-white elements in our population. There are many barriers to higher education for the American Indian, the Puerto Rican, and members of other minority groups.

A number of other deterrents might be found in the existence of Federal and state policies which are inimical to the production of scientists and engineers. Although our current immigration policy may not appreciably affect production of them within the nation, there appears to be ample evidence that it is restricting the importation of persons with skills badly needed by our economy.

Many scientists have criticized the national loyalty and security restrictions for their damaging effect on the profession. In attempting to prevent leaks of important information to a possible enemy and in rooting out subversion, apparently it has been overlooked that a certain minimum freedom of inquiry is essential to maintain a productive scientific atmosphere. Secrecy is not in the tradition of the scientific method. Today's adolescents are far better informed than we realize and this may well become a serious deterrent if improvements are not made in loyalty checks and security clearances.

A number of persons have also pointed to our selective service policy as a possible deterrent to the production of scientists and engineers. The universality of military service and the provision of postponement but not exemption for good cause have been in the democratic tradition. There is a growing sentiment, however, that this policy is seriously deficient insofar as the supply of scientists and engineers is concerned. Despite the shortages in these fields, we are still diverting trained technical graduates into uniformed service in which there is waste through inefficient utilization of their skills. We appear to be still preparing to fight World War II.

OUR selective service policy is not the only manifestation of our democratic principles which acts as a deterrent to the development of trained scientists and engineers. The equalitarian tradition, derived from Jacksonian democracy, when misapplied, has been likely to assume the proposition that abilities are equal and that intellectual talents do not deserve to be respected or rewarded.

This anti-intellectualism is inconsistent with the great enjoyment in this country of the products made possible by the technology resulting from the scholar's work.

—CHARLES C. COLE, JR.,
in "Encouraging Scientific Talent" (College Entrance Examination Board, $3.50).

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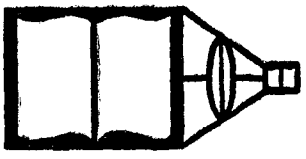

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Research often leads in directions quite different from the one first intended by a curious experimenter. Nevertheless, every scientific inquiry must begin with a question. Why this? How that? What if? The Editors have invited scientists to suggest new areas for fruitful research. Answers will appear on this page as they are received.*

WENDELL JOHNSON *(University of Iowa)*: Scientific research is itself a kind of behavior, the most systematically cultivated and teachable problem-formulating and problem-solving behavior devised by man. In view of our embarrassing and threatening successes in behaving scientifically toward some of our problem situations, one of our most urgent needs is to learn how to behave scientifically in dealing with other problem situations, particularly those we have created or intensified by virtue of our scientific successes. We need to try to find out, with the thoroughness of laboratory and clinical investigators, just what it is we do when we behave scientifically. What is there distinctive at such times about the questions we ask, the attitudes we exhibit, the values we display, the responses we make in observing and in reporting what we observe, the hypnotizing in which we engage, the guessing, doubting, hunching and, at times apparently, the reasoning we carry on, and, in perhaps a very significant sense, the languages we use and the ways in which we use them? We need, above all, to do research on ourselves, not only in clinics and hospitals when we are ill or maladjusted but also in laboratories and other problem-solving situations when we are conspicuously well and most creative.

CHARLES N. KIMBALL *(Midwest Research Institute)*: A serious national problem is that of technical education. There is too little of it, for one thing, and what we have is considered by some people as inadequate in quality. Tomorrow's technical school faces some interesting possibilities. Things happen so fast in these scientific fields that the acquisition of present knowledge will not do the technical student much good. Too much training in existing problems and in today's ways of doing things may so overburden him with facts that it will impede the fresh viewpoint which leads a creative mind to explore new areas of thought. The undergraduate of the future may be rated not by what he knows, but by the imagination he exhibits in approaching unsolved problems. The man who can see and formulate a problem usually contributes much more than the person who actually solves it. Much needs to be done in the area of discerning and stimulating creative ability.

—*Fabian Bachrach.*

WILLIAM HART *(Advertising Research Foundation, New York)*: Millions are being devoted to further research to make *sick* people *well.* Result? There are more people to consume more and better things. But there must be a breaking point. Therefore, why not grants to schools of business administration for a series of continuing anthropological studies to find out what the forces of education, information, and stimulation are which *keep people consuming,* eager always to improve themselves and their families' living? With social studies about changing markets and human behavior, business executives should be in a better position to refrain from doing those things which might upset the balance of consumption and to continue to do those things which encourage the high rate of consumption so essential to the American economy.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1176

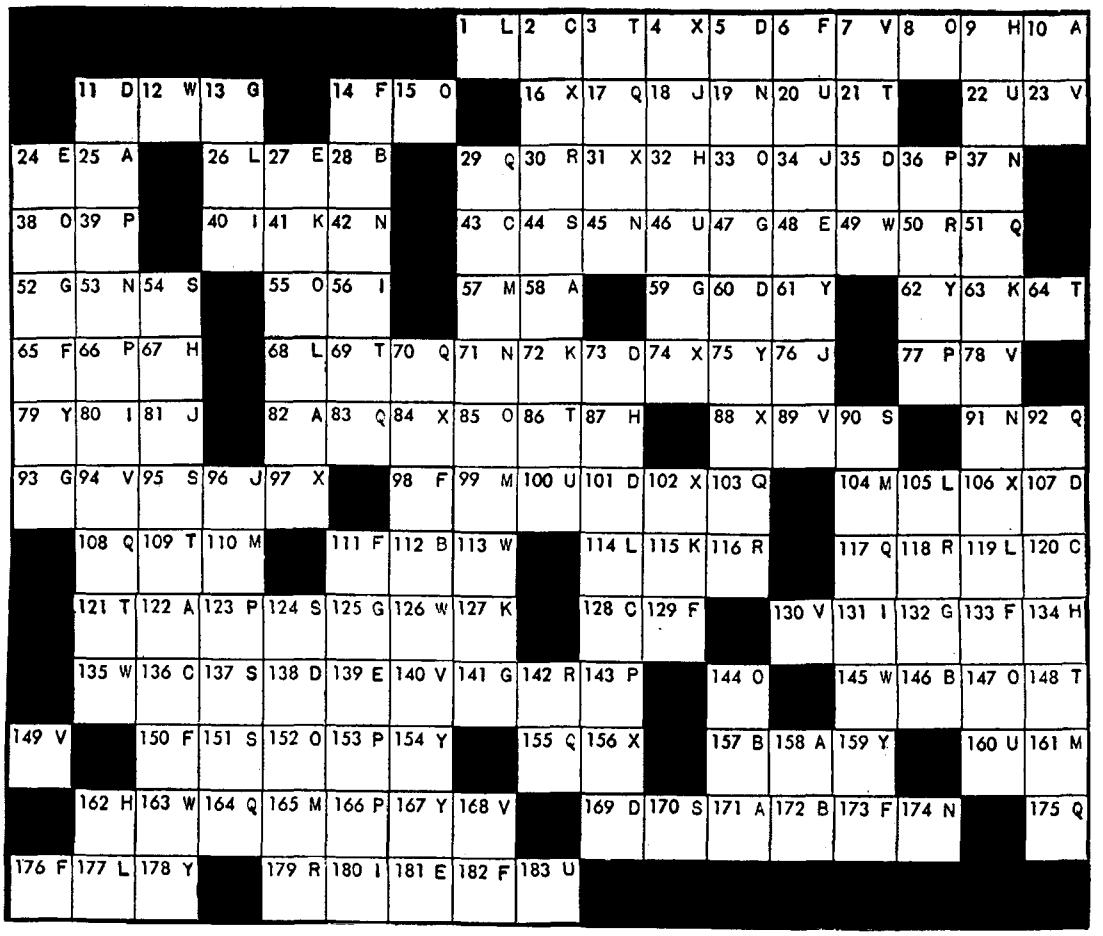
Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Starting point for races in the ancient Greek stadium.	158 82 25 122 58 171 10
B. Any semantic element or unit of speech.	172 146 112 157 28
C. A short descriptive poem.	128 43 120 2 136
D. Resort town, 52 miles NW of Montreal, sportsmen's headquarters (2 wds.).	169 138 73 101 35 11 5 60 107
E. Fidelity.	24 48 181 139 27
F. Famous Roman vintage, 121 B.C. (2 wds.).	182 65 14 111 173 98 129 150 176 133 6
G. Tending to excite great fear or dread; colloquially, however, unusually admirable.	59 13 141 93 132 52 125 47
H. More magnanimous; broader.	162 32 67 134 87 9
I. Hypothetical space-filler which Einstein's geometric view rendered unnecessary.	56 40 80 131 180
J. Formerly, the government of the Turkish empire.	18 34 76 96 81
K. In philosophy, that which exists as an opposite of, or as excluded by, something else.	115 72 41 127 63
L. Stopped (2 wds.).	177 119 114 26 105 1 68
M. Undernourished (comp.).	57 99 104 161 165 110
N. English child's spinning toy.	91 37 42 71 53 174 19 45
O. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra, offered by her father as a sacrifice to Artemis (subject of many plays).	147 85 55 152 33 8 15 38 144
P. Implored with earnestness and solemnity.	153 77 39 123 36 166 66 143
Q. The heavenly future, according to an old gospel hymn (2 wds., comp.).	103 175 83 17 117 108 92 70 155 29 164 51
R. The hinder, lower part of anything.	179 116 142 30 50 118
S. Deprived of parents.	124 54 170 151 137 95 44 90
T. Spanish soldier of 16th cent., who explored Amazon from Andes to Atlantic Ocean.	64 121 21 86 67 109 148 3
U. Treat with obsequious deference.	183 160 100 20 46 22
V. Brittle.	78 7 94 89 149 23 130 168 140
W. To violate.	163 113 135 12 49 126 145
X. Hungarian poet, author of the national anthem (1800-55).	106 156 74 84 97 31 88 16 4 102
Y. To keep a white one is an expensive and unprofitable hobby.	75 178 61 62 154 167 159 79

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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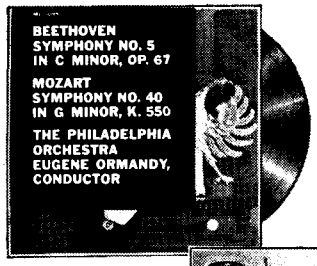

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